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TIME

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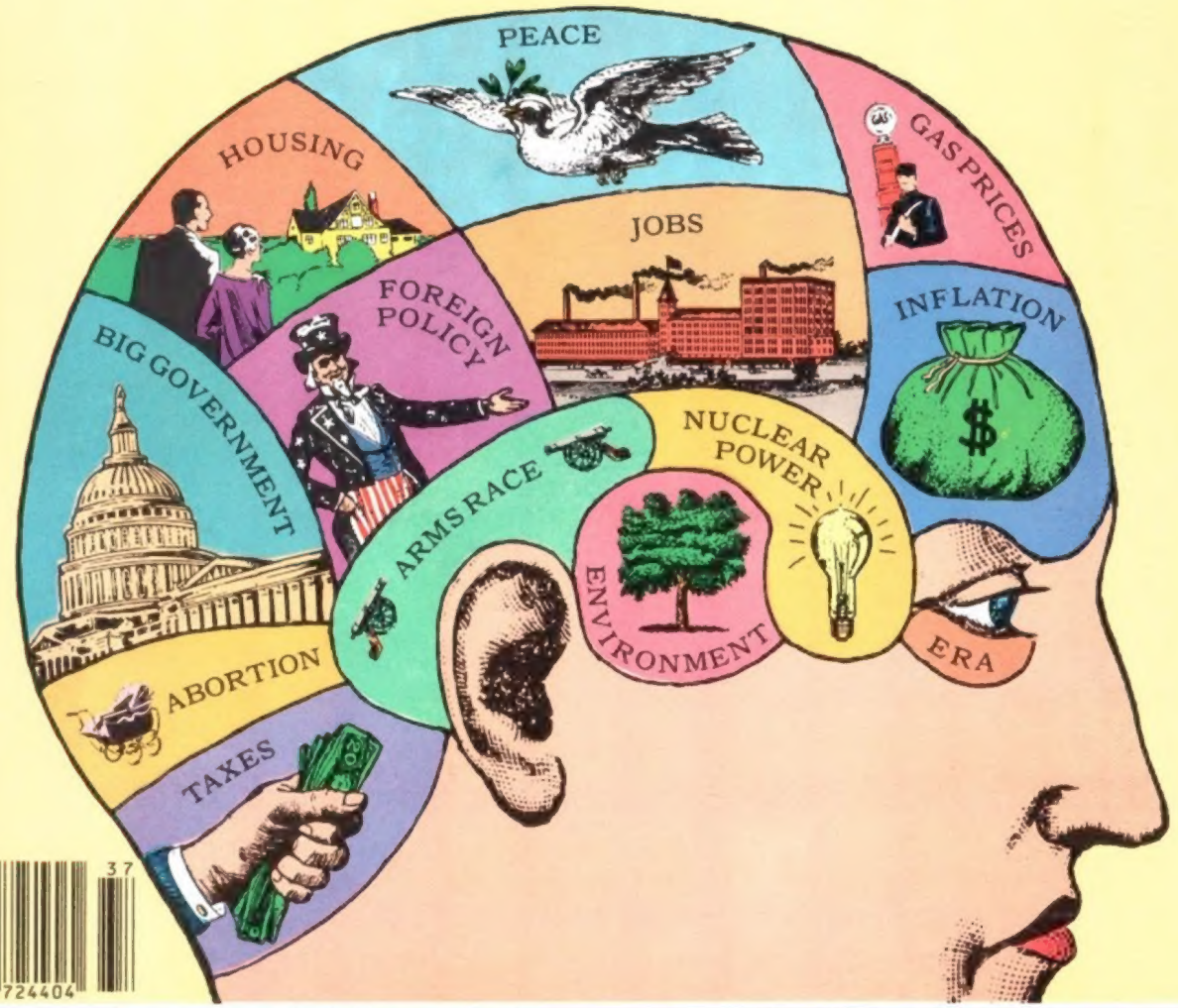

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TIME

SEPTEMBER 15, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 11 THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Barry Kalb, TIME's Eastern Europe correspondent since December 1978, has been to Poland six times, visiting nearly every region and major city of the country. As long ago as last winter, he reported that the troubled Polish economy was deteriorating sharply, bringing strangling inflation and a plummeting standard of living. "Despite the painfully obvious problems, the Communist Party seemed to be doing nothing of substance to improve the situation," he recalls. "Intellectuals and dissidents were warning that the people's patience was about at an end." Last week Kalb was back in Poland, talking with shipyard workers in Gdansk, coal miners in Silesia, government ministers and party officials, as the Polish regime struggled to cope with the two-month-old workers' revolt.

Kalb in Warsaw on his latest visit to Poland

One major frustration for a journalist covering a foreign country for a long period of time, Kalb notes, is that he amasses much more information about the people, politics and institutions than can ever make its way into print. But, he says, "a story like the Polish crisis, which demands an analysis of an entire society, utilizes everything and everyone you know. It is a reporter's dream."

Kalb started his career as a journalist with the Washington *Star*, covering the anti–Viet Nam protests of the late 1960s. He finds the parallels—and the contrasts—with the Polish situation intriguing. Describing the high emotion and palpable patriotism of the strike settlement signing in Gdansk, he says: "To grasp its improbability, try to imagine Attorney General John Mitchell and Antiwar Organizer Jerry Rubin after the November 1969 march on Washington standing together and singing the *Star-Spangled Banner*."

Kalb also served in Hong Kong with CBS News. He toured China with President Richard Nixon in 1976 and has found Poland to be refreshingly different. "Nowhere else in the Communist world, with the exception of Yugoslavia, does a Western correspondent have such broad access to the people and institutions that make a society tick," he says. "And nowhere in the Communist world do people speak their minds more freely. That's what makes Poland unique in the Soviet bloc—it is so open and its people so vibrant. That's also what allowed the incredible feat of workers' facing down a Communist regime to take place here."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Illustration by Richard Mantel.

8
Cover: As the battle for the White House heats up, a TIME survey finds Carter and Reagan deadlocked, the voters skeptical and fickle and the outcome wholly unpredictable. Could the election turn on a fluke? *See* NATION.

72
Newport: It's America's Cup time again, and this swank old port city is doing a brisk business marketing seaside cachet. As graceful yachts contend for sailing's oldest prize, some natives fear the town is losing its soul. *See* SPORT.

32
Poland: As the strikes come to an end, a tough new party boss comes to power. ▶ The fence that divides the two Germanys is more lethal than ever. ▶ Some efforts at direct contact between Iran and the U.S. *See* WORLD.

20
Nation
Attorney General Civiletti defends his handling of the Billy Carter affair. ▶ A campaign to save America's coastlines.

60
Economy & Business
Deregulation of oil and gas prices has drillers rushing for more. ▶ Big Labor's new recruits. ▶ Fashion's queen of styles.

71
Religion
The Hare Krishnas open the "Palace of Gold," a lavish, new spiritual Disneyland in the hills of West Virginia.

74
Art
Promotion outstrips content in a new exhibit of Hawaiian art in Chicago, making it a blockbuster without the block.

76
Medicine
DNA research moves up from the cell to live animals. ▶ A run against cancer falls short. ▶ Caffeine and pregnant women.

84
Press
Public television launches a new program guide amid protests over the competitive advantages of nonprofit magazines.

87
Science
It may sound like a *Star Wars* fantasy, but both the U.S. and the Soviets are working on high-energy "death ray" weapons.

91
Music
Two rock books: a bestseller about Jim Morrison and a pricey ($355) valentine to his own career by Beatle George Harrison.

96
Television
While the actors continue their strike, the networks scramble for viewer attention with *Shōgun* and *The Women's Room*.

97
Education
Maryland launches the nation's first degree-giving TV college. ▶ Berkeley grants a Ph.D. in parapsychology.

102
Essay
Communism is supposed to answer the proletariat's problems. Poland shows that Marxism can be the problem.

4 Letters
81 Milestones
93 People
98 Books
101 Cinema

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $31 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; J. Winston Fowlkes, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 116 No. 11. © 1980 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the red border on the cover are registered trademarks of Time Inc. in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time/Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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Letters

Jimmy's Victory

To the Editors:

Your cover photograph of Jimmy Carter "Running Tough" [Aug. 25] does the President justice. And, as they say, "when the running gets tough, the tough continue to run," in this case right back to the White House for four more years.

Gerald Bohn
Camden, N.J.

"The surrender of our energy future ... of our economic future ... service cuts for the poor and massive inflation for everyone." Carter's speech sounded more like a realistic assessment of the present than a "bleak Republican future."

Eliot Osherman
Chicago

I have now decided on one candidate and one program; unfortunately, they are of opposing parties. If the candidates would just switch platforms, I'd have it made in November.

Claudia R. Thomason
Prescott, Ariz.

The Democrats call for $12 billion to be spent to create 800,000 jobs. This amounts to $15,000 a job. If the Government will lend my contracting firm $75,000 at a reasonable rate, we will create not five but 25 jobs, and will pay the money back plus interest in two years.

George Farren, President
Rytek Ltd.
Sanford, N.C.

Vice President Mondale tells us that Reagan "will fall like a crowbar ... awfully fast." Everyone knows that in a vacuum a peanut can fall equally fast.

Edward J. Gauss
Fairbanks, Alaska

Teddy's Cause

For nine months Senator Kennedy was attacked by the President and his supporters. Suddenly he is expected to embrace Carter and is called cold when he doesn't [Aug. 25]. Rather than merely tolerating hypocrisy in our political leaders, it seems we now demand it of them.

Joseph A. Condo
McLean, Va.

What with George Orwell's prophecies and Ted Kennedy's probable ascendancy, 1984 is already shaping up as a rough year.

Barry D. Galman
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Perhaps Kennedy should have quoted a more appropriate Tennyson passage than the one he used:

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Greg Jouriles
University Heights, Ohio

Whose Lives on the Line?

In "Rethinking the Unthinkable" [Aug. 25] you claim that the current arrangements for protecting U.S. leaders in a military crisis are "frighteningly inadequate." I hope they remain that way. Perhaps if our leaders know that their own lives are at stake, they will not be so prone to lay others' lives on the line.

Steven L. Snyder
Louisville

Jousting over Jerusalem

Re "Jihad for Jerusalem" [Aug. 25]: Islam has Mecca and Medina; Christianity has Rome and Istanbul. Why is it such an injustice for the Jewish people to declare Jerusalem, which has been their religious center for more than 3,000 years, their capital?

Sandy Delopoulos
Belmar, N.J.

Years ago, King Solomon was faced with deciding the fate of a child with two mothers. Today the world has to decide the fate of a city that has three children. Did the biblical mother decide to have half a dead child? Should the children decide to have part of a "dead city"? Solomon knew the real mother would rather give up the child than let him die. Will the children of Jerusalem give up a bit of pride, a bit of selfishness and a part of themselves to save their "mother," the city? Jerusalem should be a free city and belong to all her children.

Howard Scott Pearlman
Haddonfield, N.J.

Sports in Perspective

Three cheers for the chancellors who had the courage to bring attention to the violations committed by five Pac-10 schools [Aug. 25]! It is refreshing to see someone finally put athletics in their place. A music major puts in as much practice time as the average athlete; yet one does not hear of musicians receiving free credits to avoid flunking out of school. Sports are fun, but when they become more than that, something is amiss.

Chuck Dotas
Connersville, Ind.

Styron's Slight

So William Styron doesn't like people from places he's never heard of, like South Dakota [Aug. 25]. What does he have against some of the most honest, intelligent, friendly, hardworking and patriotic people in the U.S.? We're tired of being the brunt of "nowhere" jokes.

Tim Roti
Pierre, S. Dak.

William who?

Gordon Lokke
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Dr. Gordon's Due

Thank you for your report on "Dr. Gordon's Serious Thinkers" [Aug. 25], describing one of my father's many innovative programs in science. I only wish he had lived to know the far-reaching effects of his efforts.

Fortuna L. Gordon
Louisville

Sunday Schools Scored

Re "Of Raikes and Ragamuffins" [Aug. 25]: The Sunday school is dying because the church too often welcomes with gratitude and relief any hunk of protoplasm with a yen to teach who can be scrounged up and stuck in front of a class. Misinformation is innocently, unapologetically, enthusiastically and dogmatically perpetrated. Thoughtful students can hardly be criticized for fleeing this scene.

Martha S. Nelson
McKeesport, Pa.

Our Sunday school is alive and well. Our decline bottomed out two years ago, and we have since experienced steady growth that can be attributed to offering a curriculum relevant to today's needs, employing innovative teaching methods and, most of all, assembling an outstanding volunteer staff. The day of the dedicated lady occupying the same classroom for 20 years may be over, but the Sunday school structured to meet the demands of the 1980s is hardly on its last legs.

Janet C. Jacewicz
Christian Education Coordinator
Lewinsville Presbyterian Church
McLean, Va.

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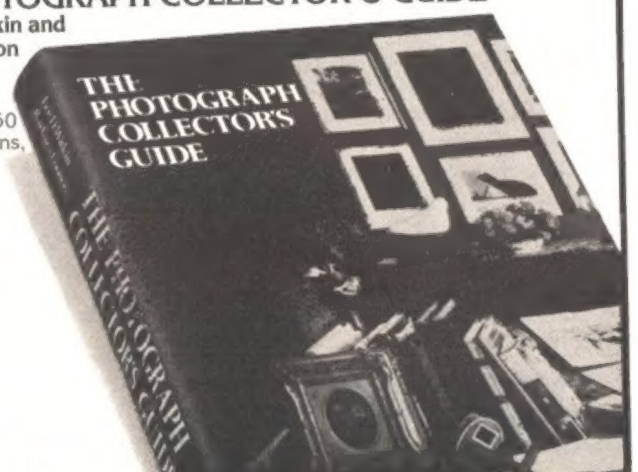

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TIME/SEPTEMBER 15, 1980

COVER STORY

The Mood of the Voter

As the race begins in earnest, the public is wary, worried—and waiting

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY PAT OLIPHANT

CAMPAIGN 80

Disenchanted, but not apathetic. Caring about issues, although much more concerned about character. Longing for a strong person to trust, but fearful of strength lacking sound judgment. Leery of weakness, but edgy about brashness. All too mindful of the disappointments of the past, but seeking hope in the future. Leaning toward one man, but often out of desperation and a sense of disdain for the others. Uncommitted. Unpredictable.

As the 1980 presidential campaign swings into full stride, the American voter is displaying a show-me attitude as perhaps never before: wary, worried and waiting to see how the candidates perform. This unwontedly watchful and volatile electorate has already turned the race into a highly personal, potentially nasty, intensely competitive—and, yes, exciting—contest. The voters who could give Republican Challenger Ronald Reagan a lead as high as 28% over President Jimmy Carter in July and then snatch it all away in August can hardly be regarded as the rock-ribbed supporters of party and candidates that flourished in days of yore. And if the Reagan rise was giddy and the Carter comeback startling, the gadfly persistence of Independent John Anderson adds even more bite and confusion. He blithely dismisses Reagan as "irrelevant"—a product of the '20s—and accuses Carter of abandoning his autobiographical query of *Why Not the Best?* for a current claim of "I'm not the worst." With such a tight contest now taking shape, Anderson and his appeal to the disgruntled of both parties could prove to be the decisive difference in a few key states and swing the election, most likely to Reagan.

The latest public opinion poll conducted for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White discloses just how close the race is once again. Carter and Reagan are deadlocked at 39% each, while Anderson's support is 15%—precisely the level set by the League of Women Voters for him to qualify as a "viable" candidate and therefore earn a third spot in its crucial opening debate, set tentatively for Sept. 21 in Baltimore. Carter, who insists on meeting Reagan first without Anderson, still threatened last week not to appear if the Congressman was included. The league's directors were to meet this week to examine the range of recent poll results and decide whether or not to invite Anderson.

For so early in the campaign, a surprisingly low 7% of registered voters claim to be undecided about whom they now favor.* Still, the survey discloses just how shaky those current preferences are. Fully 55% say they are not "personally interested or excited about" any of the candidates. Only 11% report genuine enthusiasm for Reagan; a mere 9% feel that way about Carter and 6% about Anderson. In fact, much of the support given their preferred candidates is based on voters' opposition to the others; the choices are essentially anti votes. Thus 43% of the voters who prefer Reagan say they do so because they are "really voting against Carter." Similarly, 34% of Carter's supporters say their choice is based on opposition to Reagan, while a hefty 61% of Anderson's followers admit that they are motivated by being "against Carter and Reagan."

Though Carter and Reagan are even up in the race, the poll discloses areas of serious slippage for Reagan in important areas. For one thing, 59% of those preferring Carter claim they do so out of a positive feeling for him: they like his "experience," and consider him "safer" in foreign affairs. Only 48% of Reagan's followers feel a similar sense of confidence in their choice's ability to get things done and to answer the need for a change. At the same time, Reagan's rating on abilities regarded as important by voters has declined. In TIME's last survey in May, 49% of those sampled agreed that Reagan was a leader "you can trust," while

*The study was based on a national sample of 1,644 registered voters interviewed between Aug. 26 and 28. The sampling error is thus plus or minus 3% and 4.5% when comparing present trend readings with previous TIME studies.

42% believe that now. Reagan was then considered "acceptable" as a President by 64%; the current figure is 54%. Voter confidence in Reagan's ability to handle the economy has dropped from an impressive 75% to 66%, and his perceived competency in foreign affairs has slipped from 72% to 63%. The Californian still worries voters on a basic level: 54% of those surveyed feel that he often does not get his facts straight, and 48% fret that he may be "trigger happy."

Despite these declines, Reagan still scores higher than Carter in such voter-valued categories as "standing up to the Soviets," "keeping our defenses strong," "getting the hostages out of Iran" and "making Americans feel good about themselves." On other matters, voters cannot see a major difference between Carter and Reagan on such matters as who could find more jobs for the unemployed, provide "moral leadership," cut back U.S. dependence on foreign oil, or avoid making too many campaign promises.

Geographically, there has been a significant shift in Carter's 1980 popularity in the South. Among white Southern Protestants, Reagan leads by 48% to 39%, indicating he has made inroads among the potentially influential evangelical and fundamentalist voters who supported Carter in 1976. This leaves Carter with a statistically insignificant 1% lead in his home territory. Reagan commands a 10% margin in the West, while Carter barely stays a step ahead in the Northeast and Midwest.

This time the survey was deepened to poll more thoroughly in the nation's key industrial states (Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York). The aim was to detect any notable shifts in the blue-collar vote. Large-scale defections from the Democratic Party helped both Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon win the presidency and today seem vital to Reagan's prospects. So far, no real switch has been found. Carter leads by 10 percentage points among blue-collar workers, setting these states up as some of the key battlegrounds between now and November.

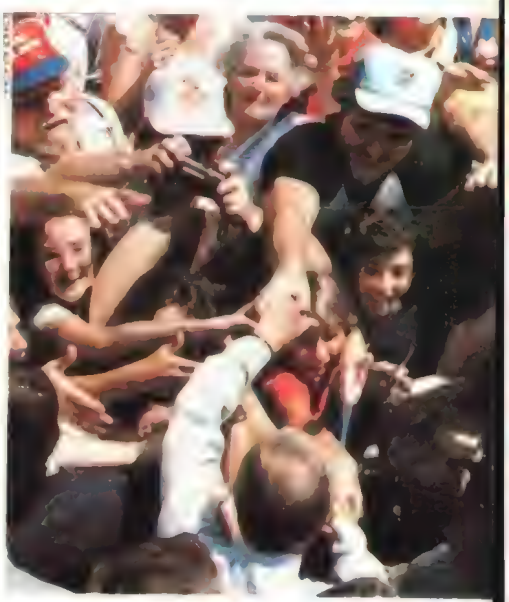
The survey pinpoints one group of voters still posing a considerable problem for Carter: the former followers of Senator Edward Kennedy. Despite the efforts at the Democratic National Convention to patch up the party's deep rift and Kennedy's later pledges of support for Carter, the Senator's followers now split three ways on what they intend to do: 39% say they will back Carter; 28% prefer Anderson; a surprising 22% are so disaffected that they say they will jump over the wall and vote for Reagan. That degree of party defection could cripple the Carter candidacy. The mood could well be, however, just a passing stage of postconvention blues.

While the Kennedy problem lingers for Carter, the Anderson difference so

Reagan enjoying Labor Day picnic crowd at Liberty Park near Jersey City, N.J.

confidently proclaimed by the earnest and stubborn Congressman from Illinois has not really faded either. If Anderson were to drop out, 37% of his present share of the voters say they would switch to Carter, 28% would go to Reagan and 26% claim they would not vote at all. With Anderson out, Carter narrowly leads Reagan in the nationwide popular vote, 44.5% to 43%. However, the sampling did not examine just how Anderson's presence, or withdrawal, would affect the electoral college vote. Anderson has scored 20% or higher in key states, such as New York, California and Massachusetts.

One of the most dramatic findings of the survey came from a more indirect probing of voter sentiment—and it looks potentially helpful to Carter. In the survey's "state of the nation" indicator, which measures how people feel about the way things are going in the country in general and how much confidence they have in the future, voters are becoming increasingly optimistic. While only 11% took a positive view of the nation's well-being



Carter reaching for hands in Tuscumbia, Ala. (above); Anderson in Illinois

Young Anderson worker collecting cash at University of Wisconsin

Seeking the Harry Truman magic in Independence, Mo.

in May, 21% are upbeat now. As the incumbent, Carter would presumably benefit from any continued upsurge in optimism, which seems centered on a belief that the economy may be revving up again

While nearly all the polls have found that the economy ranks first as an issue, well ahead of foreign affairs, the TIME study finds that, surprisingly, neither has much impact on voter preferences for the presidential candidates. Many polls reveal the voters are thoroughly confused when asked to make judgments about the candidates on most issues; the election seems much more likely to turn on personality than on policy, notes TIME National Political Correspondent John Stacks. One intriguing but as yet unexplained phenomenon that might be linked to issues is Yankelovich's discovery that 10% more women prefer Carter than Reagan. This is balanced, however, by Reagan's 10% edge among men

The vacillations in the polls make most opinion analysts and political scientists leery about how the current campaigns and their various pitches will affect the voters. Traditionally, of course, a majority of postwar voters have turned to the Democratic candidates during a time of economic recession or depression on the theory that the party of F.D.R. is more likely to use Government tools to check the decline. But now a Democratic President is presiding over high inflation and a recession. Simultaneously, Government intervention in the economy has become more suspect. Observes M.I.T. Political Scientist Thomas Ferguson: "The signals coming down to the voters are incredibly mixed. There is an enormous amount of confusion even in the political parties. There is turmoil at all sectors of the electorate."

Appearing on a panel of pollsters convened in Washington by the American Political Science Association, Warren Mitofsky of CBS News's election and survey unit contended that the issues carry little weight with voters intent on examining the character of the candidates. Said he: "We are really seeing a loss of respect for our system of selecting our elective officials." This disenchantment with the candidates is causing voters to look at the personalities rather than the issues.

In a moment of rare introspection for a presidential candidate, Anderson last week talked at length to TIME Correspondent Eileen Shields during a flight from Detroit to Washington about the dilemma posed by the nature of the political process in 1980. "I have a fundamental conflict in my thinking that troubles me deeply," he said. "I know if I want to please a crowd I repeat, just as Reagan does, the tried-and-true crowd-pleasers over and over again. But I am really going to repeat in my prayers every night the hope that I can resist the temptation. You know, when Carter and Reagan are so vulnerable it is hard to resist the temptation. But I don't think that is what the campaign should be about—or what the country wants.

"I can't in the end really sell myself to the country if I am just going around knocking those two. I've got to have something fresh, constructive and different to offer, and it is hard. It is so hard to stay off that other kick, particularly when Reagan shoots four out of five toes as he has done the last couple of weeks. I am not contemptuous of applause. I want people to listen. I want them to respond. I want to inspire them. But I would hope that I have a higher calling than to simply play to the lowest common denominator."

Still, conceded Anderson, "we are like performers. You're up and you're down. Sometimes you think of something and it inspires you and sometimes you look at your watch and you are not so inspired."

Reagan with aides Anne Armstrong, Bill Timmons, Dean Burch, Lyn Nofziger, Richard Wirthlin and Ed Meese

Rising concern among a disorganized staff about preventing the caricature from becoming the reality.

More than the other candidates, Anderson can move an audience with his oratory one day, only to turn off his next crowd with a ponderous and even pontificating style of delivery.

The President and the former Governor seem far less concerned about resisting the temptation that worries Anderson; they have been zapping each other with increasing zing almost daily. The attacks are deliberate. "Reagan is the best standup performer in politics today," says John Sears, the campaign manager whom Reagan fired last February. "But the fact remains that Reagan's position in the polls is derived from what people think of Carter." Thus the central issue of Reagan's campaign will be to denigrate Carter's record. Despite his speaking skills, Reagan has, of course, been too busy trying to explain away a series of bloopers either to maintain a consistent attack on Carter's performance or to attract attention to the Republican policies that he has proposed.

Not only has Reagan fallen into uttering such needlessly provocative comments as advocating "official" governmental contacts with Taiwan, praising the Viet Nam War as "a noble cause," suggesting that Darwinism be countered by teaching the biblical story of creation as well, and terming the current recession "a severe depression," but his own advisers have jumped readily into the ensuing fray, like a Greek chorus of mourners, to concede in most cases that Reagan was wrong. Says Dean Burch, the senior adviser to Bush: "There is a possibility that the caricature of Reagan will become a reality. We have to guard against it."

While some of the impulsive Reaganisms may have pleased his more conservative supporters, they feed the doubts about his judgment that bother other voters. Thus the tense staff is trying to set up "fail-safe" systems to protect Reagan against Reagan. His aides are more carefully reviewing every speech text for pitfalls and insisting that the Governor just stick with the typed pages.

In addition, an outside heavyweight adviser—last week it was James Lynn, who headed Gerald Ford's Office of Management and Budget—will ride shotgun on the campaign planes to help Reagan. The staff itself, however, remains a problem: it is still far too disorganized. Says an old Reagan friend: "Ron doesn't know how to be tough with people. Sometimes he tolerates so-so performances."

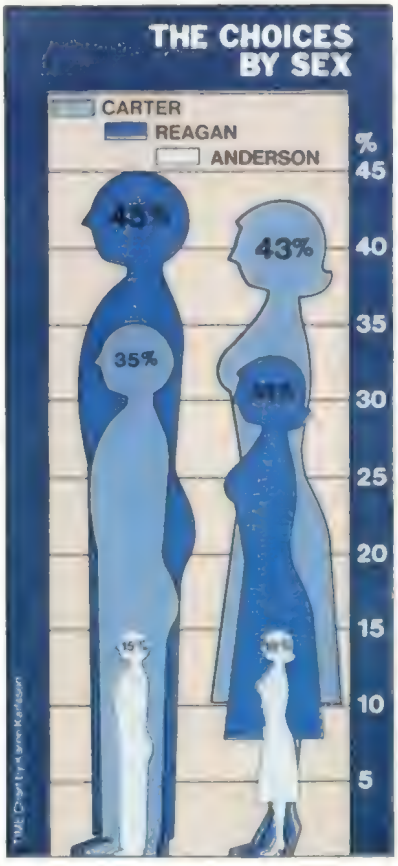
More emphasis and money will go into Reagan's paid TV commercials. The budget was pegged last week at about $15 million, up $1 million from original plans, and seven spots (three five-minute and four 30-second plugs) have begun to be aired. They are slotted within, before or after such well-watched "family" shows as *The Waltons, Guiding Light, Angie* and ABC *Friday Night Movie*.

On TV, Reagan's delivery is warm, low key and artfully staged to project an air of sincerity. Contends Peter Dailey, Reagan's TV ad producer: "The camera can look into the soul. In Reagan's case, that's a big asset." While he has talked repeatedly about the need for the U.S. to regain nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union, prompting Carter to accuse him of "announcing that he would start an arms race," Reagan's TV pitch will be milder. Seated in an easy chair, he says disarmingly: "To preserve our peace and freedom, we must maintain a margin of safety—not numerical superiority ... but a balance."

"If the presidential election were held today, for whom would you vote?"

	Total	North-east	Mid-west	South	West	Key Industrial States
CARTER	39%	36%	40%	45%	30%	39%
REAGAN	39%	32%	38%	44%	40%	36%
ANDERSON	15%	21%	15%	6%	23%	17%

TIME Chart by Karen Karlsson



The basic Reagan geographical strategy remains unchanged. His aides estimate his firm base in the West will produce about 150 electoral votes. East of the Mississippi, such states as Indiana, New Hampshire, Vermont and Virginia are seen as reasonably safe, giving him another 30 votes, just 90 short of election. Even if Carter should hold the Deep South, which is far from certain, Reagan will look for his victory margin in five targeted states: Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Texas and Florida. They have 121 electoral votes, and if Reagan can win just the largest three, he should wind up in the Oval Office. Thus nearly 40% of his currently scheduled campaign time (49 days of travel and 95 major appearances) will be devoted to these five states

At the moment, Reagan's aides consider his home state, California, safe enough to be downplayed a bit. New York looks fairly solid for Carter, but with the President being increasingly whittled away there by Anderson, the Californian may step up his efforts to win the state's 41 electoral votes. Anderson's prospects of taking more votes from Carter in New York will be strengthened if, as expected, he gets a place on the state's Liberal Party ballot

As for the Carter staff, it has been astonished by its candidate's catch-up in the polls. Chortled one aide last week: "That Reagan is doing our work for us." Other advisers are more cautious. Campaign Manager Robert Strauss professes to be worried that Carter's rally will generate overconfidence. Says he: "I don't think Reagan necessarily is dumb. I don't think he is going to get us into atomic warfare. I don't think he is evil. He's a very likable, attractive man." But Strauss pinpoints Carter's re-election strategy: to portray Reagan as "simplistic" and "not equipped to be President."

Proud of his presidential performance, Carter intends to play up his record. Still, the President's main theme will be to attack Reagan. Sums up Hamilton Jordan, Carter's chief strategist: "We can have a philosophical discussion about all

the issues that face the American people, but the fact is the American people face a choice: Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan."

Strauss long ago correctly guessed that Reagan's advisers would limit his public appearances. Says Strauss: "They're going to try to show just a little bit of leg, but not enough to get him into trouble." By contrast, Carter will join the rough-and-tumble exchange of town meetings and press interviews, where he has invariably been at his best. Contends Strauss: "The public likes very much to see the President in the flesh, nonstructured and nonpackaged. He likes it too."

The Carter television campaign will stress his heavy responsibilities as President and portray him as being deeply concerned about the particular problems of unemployed blue-collar workers and older people. To tape his commercials, Carter has slipped quietly into a suburban Alexandria, Va., home to chat with eight housewives in a backyard. He has eluded the press to go to a construction site in Maryland to listen to workers, and he has visited a senior citizens' center in the District of Columbia.

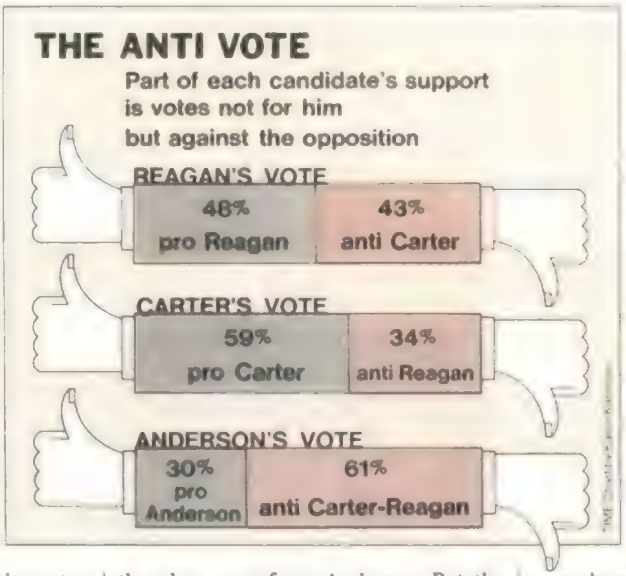
So far, the Carter travel schedule is much more flexible than Reagan's; stops are generally set for only a week or two in advance. He expects to travel just two or three days a week, holding just one major event a day —appearances timed for maximum free TV news coverage. To cut costs, he intends to avoid overnight trips as much as possible and has asked campaign aides to double up in hotels or stay with friends while on trips.

Geographically, the Carter advisers place great emphasis on the President's need to hold the South, where in 1976 he won ten states and 98 of his total of 297 electoral votes. The Democrats know they must also win some states that Carter lost to Gerald Ford in 1976, including Michigan, Connecticut, Iowa and New Mexico. Differing with Reagan's assessment, they now see new hope of mounting a serious challenge in California, where Carter Pollster Pat Caddell has the President trailing by only eight points. Similarly, Carter will work hard in Texas, where he sees possibilities.

The Carter advisers are counting on Vice President Walter Mondale to shepherd unhappy Kennedy supporters back into the Democratic fold. One recruit about to sign up: Robert Kennedy Jr., now a law student at the University of Virginia Law School. Mondale is also busily holding "unity meetings" to strengthen the old Democratic coalition that many experts feel will grudgingly regroup as Nov. 4 and the prospect of a Ronald Reagan presidency loom ever closer.

As for John Anderson, the Carter tactic is to ignore him publicly and try to downgrade his importance. Privately, however, the White House is deeply worried about the Congressman's threat. In 1976 Eugene McCarthy, running independently, won just 1% of the vote, but the Carterites insist that was enough to tip Maine, Iowa, Oklahoma and Oregon into Ford's column.

Carter desperately wants to keep Anderson out of the first debate because of the invaluable exposure it would give him. Indeed Carter's men have even suggested that the League of Women Voters hold a five-way first debate, including Libertarian Candidate Ed Clark and the Citizen's Party's Barry Commoner, to take some of the play away from Anderson. But the league turned down the proposal. The President's strategists concede that they have been boxed in by Reagan and Anderson on the debate issue; they fear public wrath if the President ducks a first debate with the other two.



Anderson's chances of at least finishing the race brightened considerably last week. His cash-short campaign got relief when the Federal Election Commission ruled that he will be eligible for federal funds if he winds up with 5% or more of the votes. Although how much he could get will depend on how well he draws on Election Day, Anderson now plans to borrow $5 million, raising his anticipated war chest to $15 million. (Candidates who do not qualify for total federal funding are allowed to raise private funds to cover the difference between their eventual government grant and the full subsidy of $29.4 million.)

For all the candidates, last week was a time to put the varied theories of their strategists to the test. Determined to dominate the Old Confederacy once again, Carter perspired in shirtsleeves amid some 25,000 Labor Day picnickers in a dusty, red-dirt park in Tuscumbia, Ala. He strummed all the Southern heartstrings he plays so lovingly. He enjoyed the music of Country Stars Charlie Daniels and Larry Gatlin, and shared the stage with former Alabama Governor George Wallace. He told how he had toured the Gettysburg battlefield with his friends Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin, and how it reminded him that "we Southerners believe in the nobility of courage on the battlefield, and because we understand the cost of war, we also believe in the nobility of peace." Carter's not so subtle point: he has worked for arms control, while Reagan encourages an arms race.

Well aware that a dozen Ku Klux Klan members were watching in silent, white-sheeted protest some 20 yds. away, Carter drew rebel applause with a deft putdown. "These people in white sheets do not understand our region and what it's been through," he said. "They do not understand that the South and all of America must move forward." Noting that the Klan had burned a cross in the town the night before, Carter said softly: "The One who was crucified taught us to have faith, to hope, not to hate, but to love one another."

A few hours later, Carter was the genial host at a far different kind of picnic: a shindig on the South Lawn of the White House for some 800 labor leaders and their wives. Desperately in need of labor support, Carter last week was rewarded with the endorsement of the diminished but still influential AFL-CIO.

Yet Carter's most symbolic act of the week was a visit to Independence, Mo., where he held a town meeting in Truman High School and smiled at signs that said: HARRY WOULD LOVE JIMMY and JIMMY CARTER, THE TRUMAN OF THE '80s. He visited the Truman Library, placed red roses on Truman's grave and paid an eight-minute call on ailing Bess Truman, the former President's 95-year-old widow. "When I take a step that's not very popular," Carter said at the town meeting, "I think of the unpopularity that Harry Truman had to suffer before he was finally vindicated."

Reagan, meanwhile, was making a strong pitch for ethnic votes in a Labor Day setting redolent of America's heritage. In New Jersey's Liberty Park, he shed coat and tie to speak before a backdrop containing the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island and the skyline of lower Manhattan. Scarlet-clad Korean girls sang *God Bless America;* an Irish war-pipe band in kilts played martial music from

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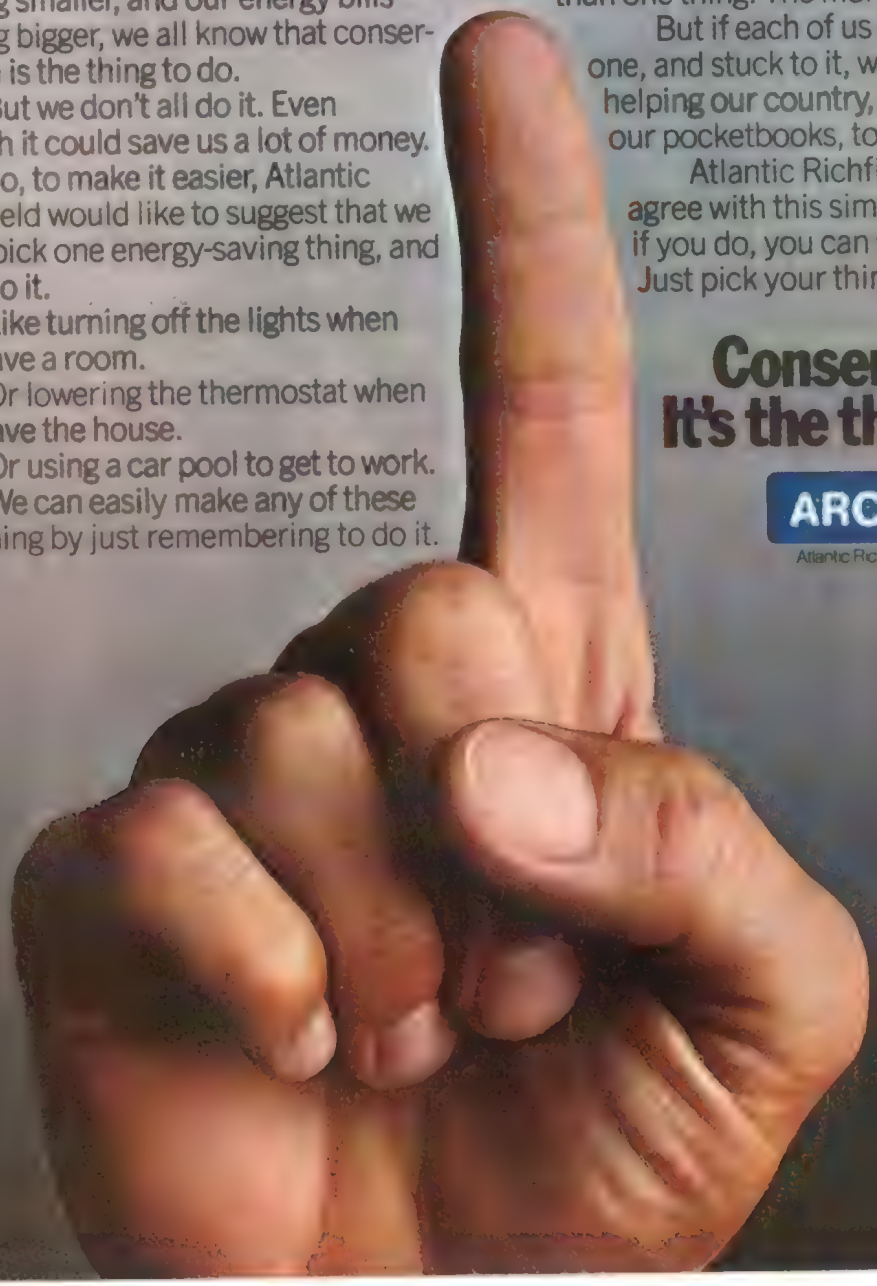


the homeland of Reagan's ancestors; and Polish dancers stepped out gracefully in their peasant regalia. Reagan's main coup was to present Stanislaw Walesa, 64, the father of the leader of the workers' protest in Poland, to the cheering crowd. Walesa, who lives in Jersey City, is not a U.S. citizen and has no political preferences. No matter. He helped Reagan by joining in a chorus of *God Bless America*.

Reagan candidly proclaimed his reason for opening this phase of his campaign in Hudson County, N.J. "I'm here *because* it's the home of Democrats," he said. "In this great country there are millions of Democrats as unhappy as we are with the way things are going." Honoring the generations of immigrants, Reagan, in top oratorical form, once again evoked the words of a Democratic President by putting a twist on a Jack Kennedy line: "They didn't ask what this country could do for them, but what they could do to make this refuge the greatest home of freedom in history. But today a President of the U.S. would have us believe that dream is over, or at least in need of change."

Relaxing at the Michigan State Fair

"A breach of secrecy for political purpose."

Reagan flew on to Detroit, traditional site of Labor Day speeches by Democratic candidates, and visited nearby Allen Park to grill sausages in the backyard of Emil Petri, a steelworker (and a Republican) who had invited over 20 neighbors to meet the candidate. Many of the guests were laid-off autoworkers and steelworkers, the kind of blue-collar Democrats Reagan hopes to lure away from Carter.

So far, so good, and then, once again, Reagan botched it. At the Michigan State Fair, he launched another attack on Carter and went too far. "Now, I'm happy to be here," he said, "while he [Carter] is opening his campaign down in the city that gave birth to and is the parent body of the Ku Klux Klan."

Thud. By linking the President with the Klan, Reagan not only outraged Carter's supporters but offended no less than seven Southern Governors, who fired off wires protesting that Reagan had insulted the South. The President promptly jumped on the blunder: "I resent very deeply what Ronald Reagan said about the South and about Alabama and about Tuscumbia. Anybody who resorts to slurs and to innuendo against a whole region based on a false statement and a false premise is not doing the South or our nation a good service." Indeed, Reagan had compounded his mistake by getting his facts wrong; Tuscumbia is merely the headquarters of a branch of the Klan. Reagan apologized by telephone to Alabama Governor Forrest ("Fob") James, and once again his aides sheepishly tried to explain that their boss had not really meant what he said

All three candidates also paid homage last week to the Jewish vote that could prove critical in such states as New York, Florida and Illinois. The three pledged such rousing and unqualified devotion and support for Israel in speeches to B'nai B'rith in Washington that they all received standing ovations.

Reagan's pitch was the most pointed. He assailed Carter for the failure of the U.S. to veto a U.N. resolution condemning Israeli expansionism, charged that the Carter-negotiated Camp David documents contained "ambiguities" that "have now brought negotiations to a dangerous impasse" and drew his most fervent applause by declaring that "Jerusalem is now and will continue to be one city, undivided, with continuing free access for all."

In turn, Carter stoutly defended his Middle East policy, noting last week's announcement that Sadat and Begin had agreed to resume talks, and declared: "There will not be one policy for an election year and another after the election. The same policy that led to Camp David and an uninterrupted supply of American economic and military aid to Israel will continue as long as I am President." But he admitted: "I cannot assure you we will always agree with every position taken by the government of Israel."

The tone of an increasingly acrimonious campaign rose in pitch again as Reagan assailed Carter in the strongest terms so far. He cited recent news stories about a newly developed technique for shielding aircraft and other weapons against detection by enemy radar. Before a cheering audience of businessmen in Jacksonville, Reagan claimed this had been "the most tightly classified, most highly secret weapons information since the Manhattan Project." Disclosure normally would be illegal, he said. But he charged that "the breach of secrecy was blessed and sanctioned by the Carter Administration itself clearly for the sole political purpose of aiding Mr. Carter's troubled campaign." As a result, the Soviet Union has been handed "a ten-year head start on developing ways to counter this type of ultrasophisticated weapons system."

Defense Secretary Harold Brown angrily denied that the leaks about the defense technique were politically motivated. Responding to the Reagan blast, Press Secretary Jody Powell declared: "Any implication that the President or Secretary of Defense acted in a manner which damaged the security of this country is wrong and not responsible and goes beyond the acceptable grounds of political partisanship. Governor Reagan doesn't know what he's talking about."

Bowling a boccie ball in Philadelphia

"Slurs and innuendo against a region."

With each candidate so eagerly on the attack so early, the 1980 presidential campaign could swing on a single event in such a volatile year. If held, the debates could turn the trick—perhaps even the very first one. But the candidates are all anxiously looking over their shoulders, wondering when lightning might strike. The Reaganites talk nervously, and sarcastically, of an "October surprise," some international event that Carter will be able to exploit as the incumbent.

As skirmishes ended and the battle was joined last week, Mondale summed up the long struggle to come succinctly, laconically and with a touch of world-weary realism. "Six weeks and 200,000 miles to go," he said. And all of it uphill for every man in the race. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Washington and Laurence I. Barrett/Washington*

"Watching a Campaign the Way You Watch a Movie"

He is the guru of the modern political campaign, the expert who pinpoints which voters a candidate has the best chance to woo and what image and issues might win them. Yet the art and eminence of the candidate's pollster have flowered so recently that there are only four or five pros at the top of the trade. Among them: Reagan Strategist Richard Wirthlin and Carter Adviser Pat Caddell.

Their differences go well beyond the fact that Wirthlin, 49, is old enough to be the 30-year-old Caddell's father, and is known in the business, to his pleasure, as the "grandfather" of the modern pollsters. Wirthlin is a sedate family man and former professor of economics at Brigham Young University who speaks cautiously, befitting his responsibilities as Reagan's chief strategy planner. Caddell, on the other hand, is a voluble, black-bearded bachelor who turned pro in 1970, working for Governor John J. Gilligan of Ohio while still a Harvard undergraduate, and can be startlingly candid about his chief's political problems. But Wirthlin and Caddell agree in sizing up the election: close.

Reagan's pollster, Wirthlin

Using Wirthlin's computer bank, an assistant can call up information on the political behavior and preferences of some 110 categories and subcategories of potential voters, ranging from the numerous and obvious (conservative Republicans) to the small and obscure (Roman Catholics who consider themselves "born again"). One sample: people over 65 who have incomes of $25,000 a year or more favor Reagan over Carter better than two to one, and their turnout at the polls is extraordinarily high—87% in a typical election.

Wirthlin began building up his mass of data—currently called PINS (Political Information System)—in 1968 when he conducted his first polls for Reagan, who was preparing to run for re-election as Governor of California. In the years since, Wirthlin has been expanding the bank steadily, adding dollops of census data and studies of voting history to the results of his own polling. In the latest survey, finished just before Labor Day, Wirthlin's agents interviewed 7,000 people, five times the size of the typical Gallup or Harris sample, investigating not only overall preferences but trends in key states and voter reaction to major events.

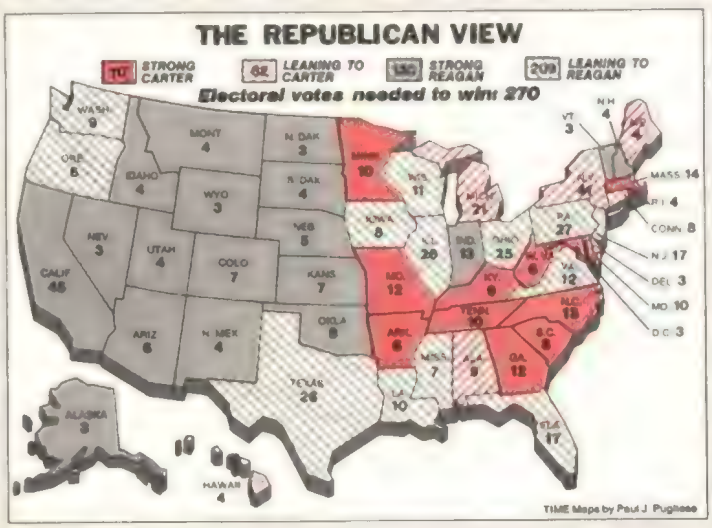
An equally important element in Wirthlin's system is a technique called tracking: constantly repolling small groups of key voters to catch developing shifts in opinion. Says he: "Tracking allows you to watch a campaign almost the same way you watch a movie."

Following George Bush's win in the Iowa caucuses, Wirthlin's surveys immediately picked up a deterioration of Reagan's early lead in New Hampshire. But thorough polling showed that Reagan had very strong support among more conservative Republicans and independents. To rouse them, the Reagan camp toughened its attack on Bush, using such sensitive issues as abortion and gun control, while painting Bush as a mushy Eastern establishmentarian. Reagan won by 26 points. Later Wirthlin's surveys showed that Reagan scored better against Carter by himself than with any running mate he was considering (except for Jerry Ford, who actually would have added a few points) but that Bush detracted less from the ticket than any other vice-presidential possibility. Although Reagan felt little rapport with Bush, Wirthlin's data, added to the pleas of other staffers, helped persuade him.

Currently, Wirthlin's surveys lead him to counsel calm to the Reagan camp despite the candidate's celebrated gaffes. He can find no evidence that they have hurt Reagan substantially. In addition, Wirthlin insists, contrary to the indications of the national polls, that "soft Democrats," *i.e.*, those disenchanted with their President, are leaning toward Reagan again, after momentarily reverting to party allegiance as they watched the Democratic Convention. "The references to Hubert Humphrey and the speech by Ted Kennedy made some of them proud to be Democrats again," says Wirthlin. "A week later they woke up after that short walk in the sun and realized that Jimmy Carter was still the candidate."

More positively, a main reason that Reagan will be making a major effort in the industrial states of the Midwest and Northeast is that Wirthlin has targeted blue-collar workers, especially those who earn $15,000 to $25,000 a year, as a block that the Republican has a strong chance to win. They are predominantly white, heavily Catholic and usually vote Democratic, but now they feel squeezed hard by rising prices and taxes. With a recession on, they are worried about their jobs as well. Many are highly conservative on social issues such as abortion and welfare —an ideal combination to open their ears to Reagan's message.

Wirthlin finds the electorate to be exceptionally mercurial. The voters, he says, "are still not committed strongly to anyone," and he discerns a tendency for people to make up their minds very late. In 1976, he notes, one survey indicated that 10% of the nation's voters made their final choice virtually on the eve of Election Day. He suspects the proportion this year may be larger still.



"In Elections, We Deal with Choices, Not Absolutes"

"The job of the public polls is to determine what a situation is," says Pat Caddell, the President's pollster. "But my job really is to find ways to help change that result. Campaigning is a game where you look for any small edge that could be critical."

Trying to find that edge for Jimmy Carter, Caddell has used some offbeat techniques. During the conventions, he wired up more than 100 "focus group" volunteers around the country with a kind of emotion-revealing polygraph to monitor their reactions to Ronald Reagan's and Carter's acceptance speeches, noting which passages excited them and which stirred no response. But the real key to his operation is almost constant polling, surveys remarkable for their numbers, length and depth.

Carter's pollster, Caddell

A typical national poll will question fewer than 1,500 people in the entire country. This week 1,000 people in New York State will be interviewed in person for an hour each. The interviewers have been known to fire as many as 150 questions at each subject. The reason: Caddell is trying for a full understanding of the mind-set of the typical voter, and even more, searching for small clues as to what could change it.

So far, the polling makes Caddell optimistic. Carter, he believes, has one huge advantage: the simple fact that he is the President. "This is my third presidential campaign," Caddell notes (George McGovern signed up as the first client of his newly organized Cambridge Survey Research a few months before Caddell graduated from Harvard in 1972), "and I've been on both sides. I'd rather run an incumbent's campaign than a challenger's, at any odds."

Why? To begin with, says Caddell, voters these days "are both questioning and harsh" about all politicians. "A certain skepticism has been built in over the past half-decade, since Watergate." One result is that voters are extremely dubious about the ability of a challenger to do a better job than even a widely unpopular incumbent.

Says Caddell: "People view a presidential election very differently from elections for Senator or Governor. They take a presidential vote much more seriously. Very few will cast a frivolous vote, a protest vote." And they have difficulty imagining anyone who is not already doing so exercising the power of the presidency. One example: early in the 1976 campaign, when he first worked for Carter, Caddell questioned a group of 100 voters and found that 60% were for the former Georgia Governor. But after they were questioned for half an hour on what kind of policies they thought he would pursue, 10% wound up choosing Incumbent Gerald Ford—because, in Caddell's interpretation, they had trouble visualizing Carter in the Oval Office.

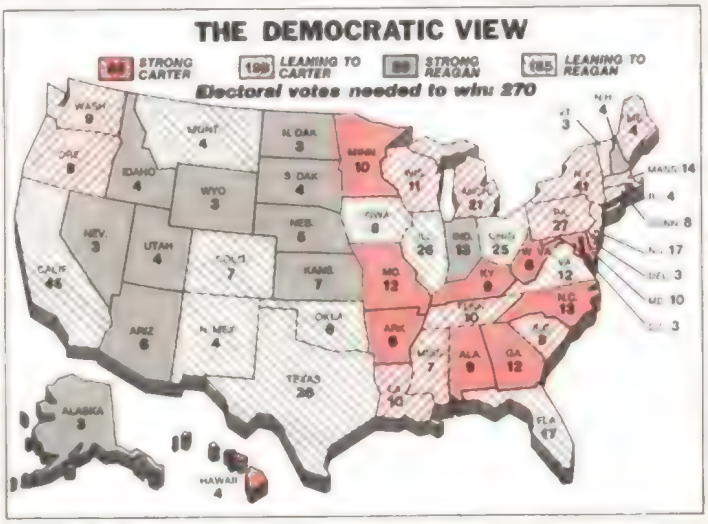
Now that Carter is there, Caddell thinks, the magic of the White House will work for him and against Reagan. Beyond the burden that any challenger carries, says Caddell, "when you look at the data on Reagan, you just want to salivate. A lot of people have enormous doubts about him, about his judgment, his experience and his concern for individuals in society. He is viewed as an extreme ideologue." Also, Caddell adds, though the issue did not trouble Reagan in the Republican primaries, many voters still worry about his age: "There are just a lot of people who are concerned about a 70-year-old learning to be President."

Reagan has strengths too, as Caddell readily concedes. Many voters who view him as an ideologue nonetheless find him personally amiable—and besides that, a man of strength, conviction and decisiveness. What is more, Carter has grave weaknesses. Caddell insists that most voters still give the President high personal ratings, viewing him as honest, trustworthy, hard-working, "overall a good and decent man. That is very critical to the electorate." But he grants that many of the same voters take such a dim view of Carter's competence and job performance that "you would think they were talking about two totally separate people."

Consequently, says Caddell, "we have to make clear that in elections we deal with choices, not absolutes." Caddell claims the election is a choice between two men, not a referendum on Carter's first four years. Translation: every Democratic speaker hammers away at Reagan on every possible occasion—and Caddell counsels them to have no fear that they will create a backlash of sympathy for the Republican. Says he: "The success of negative campaigns in American politics since 1978 has been almost unabated. There has been almost no backfire."

Caddell is consulted on which states to hit hardest, which issues to stress and avoid, when and where TV spots should be shown, and even where Carter should go and when.

This week, for example, the President will fly to Raritan, N.J., to deliver a speech, partly because a Caddell phone survey gave him a strengthening chance to carry the state. Says National Campaign Director Tim Kraft: "Pat is at the very core of the operation." Adds Caddell, and no one disputes him: "The surveys are the driving engine of the campaign."



The Attorney General on the stand: "Proud of the conduct of the department in this matter"

Civiletti for the Defense

He mollifies a suspicious Senate subcommittee

Did he or didn't he? Boiled down to its essentials, that was the question as U.S. Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti strode purposefully into the ornate Senate Caucus Room last week. He was there to answer a subcommittee's questions about whether he, the nation's chief law enforcement officer, and his aides had properly handled their investigation of Billy Carter's dealings with Libya. In six hours of skilled testimony, Civiletti made a stout defense. Said he: "I am both comfortable with and proud of the conduct of the department in this matter."

Civiletti readily admitted one error: telling reporters initially that he had "never talked about Billy's Libyan connection with the President." He said that he had thought the question referred to a "substantive discussion," not a "brief conversation." Said Civiletti: "I replied, 'No.' I was wrong in attempting to draw such a close, lawyer-like distinction."

Otherwise, Civiletti acknowledged no wrong. A day earlier, Joel Lisker, who heads the Justice Department's foreign agents registration unit, had raised several questions in the Senators' minds. He recalled that on June 11, when he told Civiletti that Billy Carter had admitted receiving $220,000 from the Libyans, the Attorney General had ordered him to "wait ten days and see what happens." Six days later, as Civiletti has said, he warned the President that his brother was "foolish" for not registering as a foreign agent (Billy finally did so on July 14).

Civiletti told the Senators that he could not recall telling Lisker to delay the investigation of Billy but, if he did so, it was only to give the President's brother more time to register. Civiletti contended that he raised the matter with the President only as a way of warning the President that "this was an investigation that I could not discuss with him."

The explanation left many Senators unsatisfied, as did Civiletti's defense of his decision not to pass on to Justice Department investigators a report in mid-April from CIA Director Stansfield Turner that Billy was negotiating with Libya on behalf of Charter Oil Co. and that the Libyans might be making a payment to Billy.

Civiletti maintained that giving the information to Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann, who was in charge of investigating Billy, might have jeopardized the CIA's source. But he said that he did tell Heymann that he had been "informed of highly sensitive intelligence information regarding the Billy Carter matter, and that he should not close the investigation until he had received that information and evaluated it." Asked South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond: "Weren't you forcing them to look for a needle in a haystack, and you wouldn't even tell them which haystack?" In any event, Heymann's deputies required only six weeks to learn the information on their own. The President's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, was even quicker. He had already warned Billy that his Libyan negotiations might embarrass his brother. Justice Department lawyers are now investigating whether Brzezinski violated federal espionage laws.

Summed up the Attorney General: "Billy Carter was shown no favoritism. Billy Jones might have got the same treatment." This seemed to mollify the Senators, even acerbic Republican Robert Dole of Kansas. Said he of the Justice Department's treatment of Billy: "You look at it one way and it looks very bad, and you look at it another way, and there's nothing much [wrong]." Some Senators clearly were beginning to believe that the probe was much ado about nothing. ■

Draft Sign-Up

Most men answer the call

Ever since Jimmy Carter ordered all 19- and 20-year-old men in the U.S. to sign up in July for the draft, in case it is resumed, the question has been: How willing would young men be to answer the President's call? After a preliminary count, the Selective Service System last week gave a tentative answer: 93% of those eligible—3,593,187 out of 3,880,000—had registered at post offices by late last month. Selective Service Director Bernard Rostker stopped short of calling the sign-up a complete success but said: "I am not unhappy."

Indeed, he should not be. In 1973, when the draft had just ended but anti-war feeling still ran high, only 83% of those eligible registered within a month of when they were supposed to (five days after they turned 18). Morever, Rostker expects the eventual number of registrants this year to come close to the agency's goal of 98%. Later this month, the Selective Service System will begin to mail out letters of confirmation—no draft cards will be issued—to those who have signed up. The agency will then start trying to track down the men who failed to register, using leads such as drivers' licenses and high school graduation lists. Rostker sidestepped the question of whether dodgers would be prosecuted, insisting that this is to be determined by the Justice Department. The maximum penalty: five years in prison and a fine of $10,000.

Just how many young men would respond to an actual draft, of course, remains uncertain. But Selective Service officials take heart from the fact that a sampling of those who registered indicated that only 1.8% noted on the forms that they were registering under protest. Officials estimate that even fewer falsified their birth dates or used obviously fictitious names like Michael Mouse. On the other hand, 14.8% of the registrants asked for more information about enlisting in the military.

Director Rostker

Antidraft groups, which had been predicting widespread noncompliance, were unconvinced by the Selective Service's figures. Said Barry Lynn, head of CARD (Committee Against Registration and the Draft): "I'm not going to call Rostker a liar. I am going to say I'm very, very skeptical." Lynn called for an independent audit of the count, perhaps by Congress's General Accounting Office. It was a challenge that Rostker gladly picked up. ■

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The anti-Establishment protester in 1972

After turning himself in

A Yippie Comes In from the Damp

Abbie Hoffman surrenders on a 1973 drug charge

He was Puck of the 1960s underground, the frizzy-haired, war-painted Yippie leader who preached revolution against the American Establishment. In 1974, when he jumped bail in New York City on charges of selling $36,000 worth of cocaine, Abbie Hoffman began nearly seven years as a flamboyant fugitive. He personally reported himself missing to the New York City police department. He threw a book-publishing party for himself at a Manhattan restaurant. And he even attended President Carter's Inauguration. Finally, after a last interview in hiding, with ABC's Barbara Walters, Hoffman, 44, gave up last week. Said he, outside the state court building in Manhattan: "It's damp underground. I wouldn't recommend the life of a fugitive to anyone."

With his unerring—some might say opportunistic—instinct for the value of publicity, Hoffman timed his surrender to coincide with the publication of his autobiography, *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture* (Putnam; $13.95). In fact, movie rights have already been sold to Universal for $200,000. Even so, Hoffman maintains that he has not sold out, as some former radicals accuse ex-Yippie Jerry Rubin of doing. Rubin now works as a financial analyst on Wall Street. Said Hoffman: "The idealism of the '60s that went sour, neurosis in the '70s, greed in the '80s—that didn't happen to me."

His early years on the run took him to Mexico and Canada and on a gastronomic tour of Europe, where he posed with famed Chef Paul Bocuse. In Los Angeles, to ease his anxieties about being recognized, Hoffman had his nose reshaped by a plastic surgeon. Then, four years ago, he moved with Johanna Lawrenson, 38, a former model and daughter of Author Helen Lawrenson, to a modest white farmhouse in Fineview, N.Y. (pop. 1,000), on an island in the St. Lawrence River.

There, adopting the alias Barry Freed, he helped organize the Save the River Committee, which stopped the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers from destroying several nearby islands to improve navigation. Freed gave frequent newspaper interviews, addressed Rotary Clubs, and even posed for photographs with New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan after testifying before a Senate subcommittee. For his efforts, Freed received a letter from New York Governor Hugh Carey praising his "keen public spirit." Last year, Freed was appointed to a federal advisory commission on the Great Lakes.

Hoffman was released last week without bail. On trial, at a date that has not yet been set, will be a mellower but still puckish Hoffman. One chapter of his autobiography describes the horrors of the six weeks that he spent in 1973 in the Tombs, a now closed prison in New York City. The chapter's title: "You Can't Have Your Coke and Eat It, Too." ■

Luck Ran Out

Yes, we have Joe Bananas

He began as a bootlegger in Brooklyn at 21 and by 24 was a gunrunner for Al Capone. He dispatched his duties so well that in 1931 Sicilian-born Joseph Bonanno was anointed a don—at 26, the youngest godfather in the nation. For the next three decades, "Joe Bananas" ruthlessly ran a New York City crime family that specialized in gambling, labor racketeering, loan sharking and narcotics. In 1966 he supposedly retired to a modest ranch house in Tucson.

His remarkable luck ran out last week. In San Francisco, U.S. District Court Judge William Ingram found the white-haired Bonanno, 75, and Nephew Jack DiFilippi, 54, guilty of conspiring to interfere with a federal grand jury probe of four now defunct companies in San Jose, Calif.—two construction firms, a manufacturer of mattresses and a women's clothing company—that were run by the don's two sons, Salvatore (Bill), 48,* and Joseph Jr., 35. According to federal authorities, the companies were laundering money from illegal Mafia activities.

For the first time, Bonanno's glib tongue could not keep him out of trouble, as it did in 1964, when three rival dons had him kidnaped after he tried to become the nation's top Mafioso, the *capo di tutti capi* (boss of all bosses). Bonanno persuaded his captors that under the Mafia's bylaws they had no authority to kill him. But they did not release him for 18 months, until he promised to retire and devote his remaining years to reading Aristotle and listening to opera. Instead, Bonanno quickly took over Arizona's burgeoning rackets and set up a nationwide chain of companies that virtually controls the mozzarella cheese business in the U.S. and Canada.

The FBI regularly tapped his home phone, forcing him to place calls from out-of-the-way booths; as an extra precaution, he conducted business in his native Sicilian dialect. Twice a week, law enforcement officials dutifully collected his trash. Digging through the coffee grounds and other garbage, they hit pay dirt: notes by Bonanno of phone conversations concerning his sons' business activities, which enabled federal authorities to piece together evidence that Bonanno and DiFilippi had conspired to withhold records from the grand jury and influence witnesses.

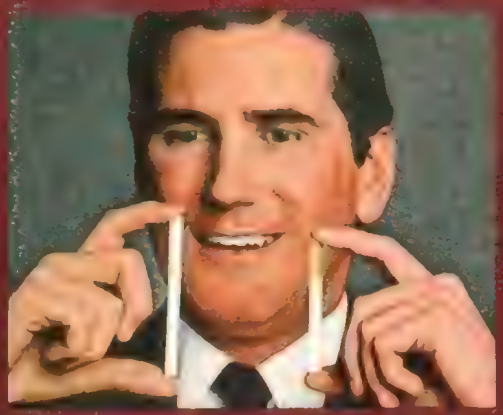
He now faces up to five years in jail and as much as $10,000 in fines; DiFilippi confronts the same penalties, plus another 15 years and $30,000 for an additional conviction of perjury. Both intend to appeal. If Bonanno does indeed go to jail, it will be the first time. His only previous conviction was for violating wage and hour laws at his New York clothing factory in 1945; he was fined $450 and placed on probation. ■

*The subject of Gay Talese's 1971 bestseller, *Honor Thy Father*

Bonanno and Son Joe outside courtroom

Evidence among the coffee grounds.

A third less tar
than the leading filter 85



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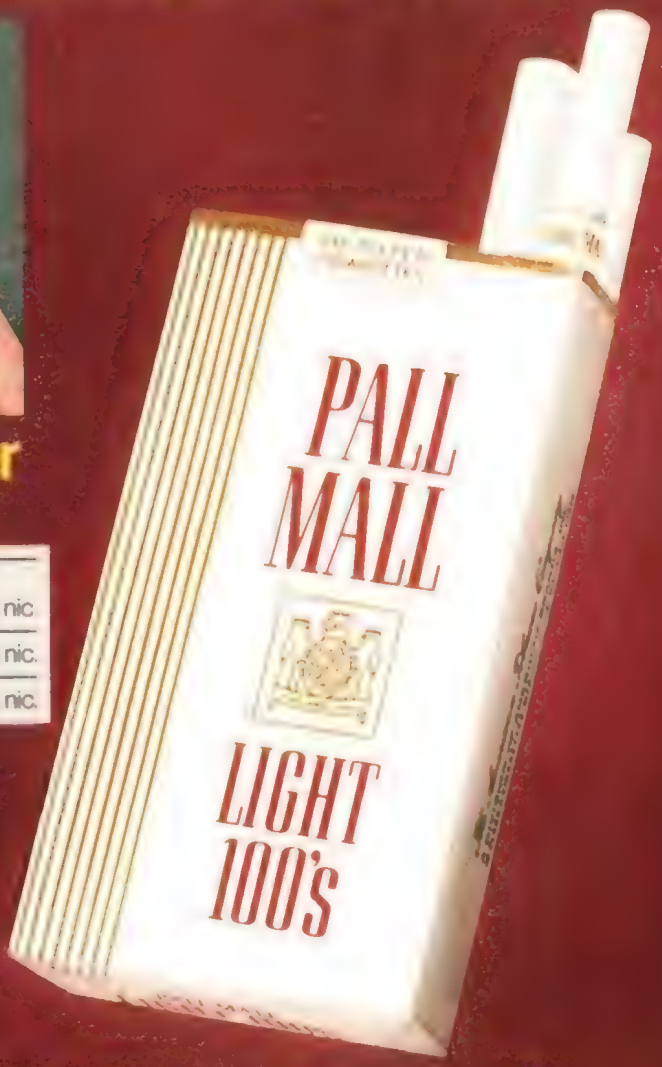

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D.C. hides C.C.

We've hidden a case of Canadian Club in Washington, D.C., where nothing's ever secret for long.

The air is getting electric.

As everybody's preparing for the first Tuesday in November, the air is getting very electric in Washington. Since a good deal of celebrating is already going on, a lot of people are enjoying C.C.®

And it's no wonder since Canadian Club is aged just the right amount of time for the taste that's perfectly light, perfectly smooth.

Here's how you can find a whole case of it:

Where a bark takes you.

Start at a place that's named for America's most important city. See where a bark takes you. From there, go to what you can't miss. When you have arrived, face in the direction of a past scandal that was uncovered and made public. Turn in the opposite direction and make tracks for a nearby Metro station. Ride three stops.

A famous ending.

Come up and then find the way to a famous ending. Continue in the most obvious direction, when you know the time is right. Before it's too late, head for the nearest bridge that can take you over water. If it becomes impossible to continue in a straight line, go toward a body of water and find a spot with three banks. From the highest bank,

go in the direction of a bridge. When you've reached it, walk back 100 paces and you'll be over a treasure: a case of Canadian Club.

Say "C.C., please."

It's all yours if you're first to find the person in charge and say "C.C., please."

Anytime you say "C.C., please" you'll get the whisky that's lighter than Scotch, smoother than bourbon. That's why it tastes so good, so many ways. In a tall drink, on the rocks, or smoothing out sours or Manhattans.

Canadian Club is worth searching for—in the capital of the U.S.A. or any land where it's "The Best In The House."

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Canadian Club

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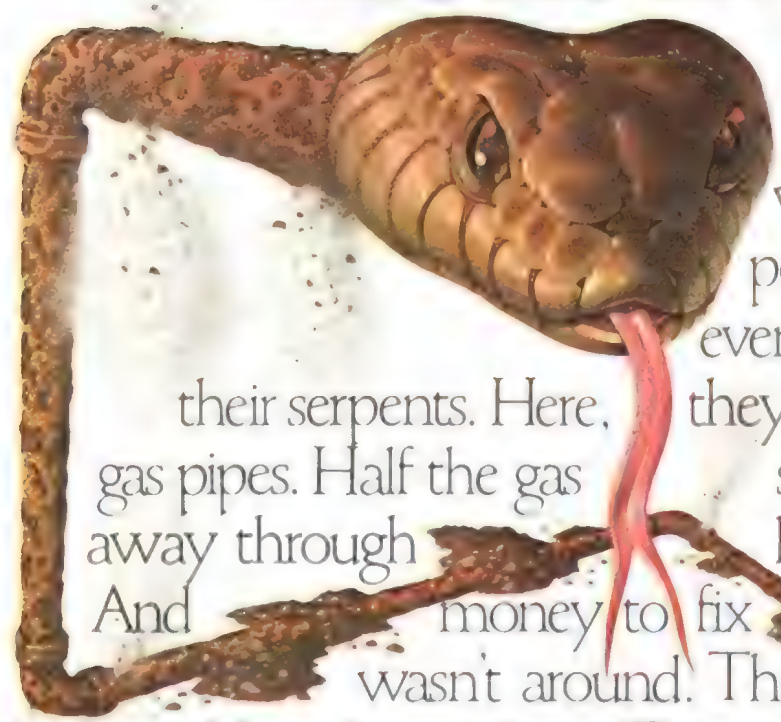
The pipes of Hatfield hiss no more.



For many, Hatfield was an Arkansas version of paradise, population 433. But even little Edens have their serpents. Here, they were the town's gas pipes. Half the gas supply was hissing away through leaks underground. And money to fix things right wasn't around. Then Mayor Milburn Hines heard about "Driscopipe." Corrosion-resistant plastic pipe developed by Phillips Petroleum. This pipe could fit in his budget. And, with some advice from Phillips, local townsmen could install the new pipe themselves. Which they did. Saved enough gas the first year to pay for everything. And now hisses in Hatfield are saved for villains in school plays. Phillips Petroleum. Good things for cars and the people who drive them. **The Performance Company**

The Doctor and the Moneyed Monk

A bizarre tale of hypnotism, drugs and death

A wealthy monk. A woman's ashes in the trunk of a green Cadillac. Tales of hypnotism and drug taking at a wealthy physician's Malibu house. These are all elements in a bizarre story that has been unfolding in two Southern California courts. But the tale could serve as the plot of a Dashiell Hammett mystery novel:

CHAPTER ONE. Raymond La Scola, 61, a well-to-do Malibu pediatrician and hypnotist, in 1976 buys the Los Angeles house of Buddhist Monk Ariya Dhamma Thera, 74, and his arthritic wife Georgia, 84. Thera, whose mother was Indian and father half-Scottish, was born Benjamin Martin Marshall in Bombay, but he changed his name when he became a member of a Buddhist sect. After moving to Los Angeles, he opened the American Institute of Buddhist Studies (he translates his new name as "teacher of the noble truth"). From lectures and private lessons, he amasses a small fortune.

He and his wife move permanently to Palm Springs, and Georgia becomes a patient of La Scola's. All three soon are close friends and, on Feb. 14, 1979, become even closer: the Theras adopt La Scola as their son. Two weeks later Georgia signs a will bequeathing her $1 million in real estate and personal property to La Scola "with the clear understanding that he provide and care for my husband for the rest of his life." She dies at La Scola's Malibu home on July 18, 1979, of congestive heart failure, according to a death certificate signed by the doctor. He has her cremated and puts a cardboard box containing her ashes in the trunk of her car, which he has inherited.

CHAPTER TWO. Mary Steele Kaye, 57, a disciple of Thera's since 1963, becomes worried in mid-1979 because he has disappeared. For 13 years they have been lovers. As she recalls the moment when he reached across his kitchen table to touch her for the first time, "I could feel a bolt of energy pass through my body."

With the help of Shamus Clarke Schlabach, Mary Kaye in May 1980 traces Thera to a Santa Monica nursing home, where the monk has been placed by La Scola. Says she of her former lover: "I couldn't believe what I saw. He was wearing two pairs of pants, two short-sleeved shirts and a ragged sweater. He looked demented." She takes him from the nursing home and, five days later, marries him.

La Scola rushes to a Riverside County judge, charging that Mary Kaye has kidnaped Thera. The judge gives La Scola temporary custody of the monk and his money, which, according to court records, amounts to about $417,000. The monk is moved back to the nursing home.

Monk Ariya Dhamma Thera

Wife Mary Kaye Thera

Hypnotist Raymond La Scola

"He was wearing two pairs of pants, two short-sleeved shirts and a ragged sweater."

CHAPTER THREE. In Riverside Superior Court, at a series of custody hearings in July, Mary Kaye accuses La Scola of having used hypnotism and drugs to persuade the Theras to adopt him. She charges that he has unfeelingly left Georgia's ashes for a year in the Cadillac trunk. La Scola countercharges that Mary Kaye coerced the monk into marriage for his money.

It is her word against his—until a new character suddenly shows up. He is William Schenley, 31, an ex-con and former heroin addict, who, in a statement submitted to the court, says that he once lived with La Scola in Malibu. According to Schenley's account, La Scola, after drinking heavily this summer, said that he had killed Georgia Thera with an injection of insulin. Says Schenley: "The next morning when La Scola was sober, I brought up the conversation. He got white as a ghost." Then, says Schenley, La Scola went on to describe how he gave Georgia large doses of the painkillers Dilaudid and Percodan. "Knowing that she was hooked," says Schenley, La Scola refused to give her any more drugs until she signed the will making him her heir.

CHAPTER FOUR. La Scola on Aug. 25 is charged with Georgia Thera's murder and with writing illegal drug prescriptions. His lawyer emphasizes that the charges are based mostly on the testimony of an ex-con and drug addict who has been granted immunity from prosecution. As the chapter (and the week) ends, a judge invalidates La Scola's adoption by the Theras. The doctor, who insists that he is innocent, is held in Los Angeles County jail for a bail hearing this week. ■

Body Count

Los Angeles may now be No. 2

To counter Chicago's boast of being the second largest U.S. city, California's boosters bragged in the '60s that Los Angeles County had more residents than Chicago's Cook County. Chicagoans windily replied that they had a more populous "consolidated metropolitan area," which they reckoned as stretching 54 miles along Lake Michigan, from Waukegan, Ill., to Hammond, Ind. Not so, said the Angelenos, who defined their "consolidated area" as including five contiguous counties of Southern California. Now, according to preliminary census figures, the argument seems to be over: Los Angeles may have gained 73,000 residents in the '70s for a total of 2,878,000, while Chicago appears to have shrunk by 644,000 to a population of 2,727,000.

Who cares? Mostly the civic leaders of Carl Sandburg's city of the big shoulders, who took the news rather badly. If the figures stay the same when the final census count lands on President Carter's desk by the deadline of Jan. 1, Chicago stands to lose one seat in Congress, several seats in the state legislature and up to $75 million in federal revenue sharing. More important, Chicago's civic pride would take a licking. Ever since A.J. Liebling, writing about Chicago in *The New Yorker* in 1952, coined the putdown Second City, Chicagoans have been perversely proud of it—all the more so when they could lay claim to the nation's tallest building (the Sears Tower), most durable big-city mayor (the late Richard Daley) and arguably the best symphony orchestra (under Conductor Sir Georg Solti).

While Cook County has filed suit in court challenging the preliminary census figures, city officials have begun checking the count on their own. Said Alderman Roman Pucinski, a protégé of Daley's political machine, which used to be accused of casting votes for Chicagoans whether dead or alive: "The bodies are there. They are just not being counted." ■

America's Abused Coastline

A drive is launched to save an endangered natural treasure

Sweeping south from the chilly waters off Maine and Washington to the warm undergirth along the Gulf of Mexico, the shoreline of the U.S. runs for 53,677 miles—and that figure does not include the lengthy coasts of Alaska and Hawaii. But not all is sandy beaches, suntanned bodies, squawking gulls and imposing cliffs. Increasingly, the American coast is becoming a victim of its own magnetism: it attracts heedless development that is fouling its beauty, undermining its ecological importance, and crippling its ability to stand up to nature's winds and waves.

That is the message of the Coast Alliance, an amalgam of environmental organizations and fishing interests that aims to spare the shores from further abuse by man. The Alliance helped persuade President Carter to endorse 1980 as the Year of the Coast, as part of a program to increase awareness of the problems of the nation's abused shoreline.

During a so-called Coast Week last month, would-be saviors of the shores staged several events, among them a "surf festival" in Orange County, Calif., 4-H Club bicycle treks along the Great Lakes in Michigan and Wisconsin, and a sand castle-building contest between Alliance activists and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers at Bethany Beach, Del. The engineers' castle lasted longest, but all the entries, naturally, crumbled eventually —symbolic evidence of the folly of building on dunes and beaches. It was good fun, but it also helped draw attention to the overdevelopment, worsening pollution and mismanagement of resources, which are combining to foul the coasts.

All these perils are apparent to any shore-bound summer tourist. On Massachusetts' Cape Cod, four-wheel-drive vehicles have deeply rutted broad stretches of beach. On New York's Long Island and the New Jersey shore, vacation cottages overcrowd once pristine dunescapes. From those states southward, the Atlantic shore, with scattered exceptions, seems destined to become a stretch of boardwalk and pizza-parlor tackiness.

Near Fort Myers, Fla., a relatively new barrier island heaped up by the sea has attracted developers who want to link it to the mainland with a causeway; that, says Florida Environmental Consultant Dinesh Sharma, "would ruin the entire key." To the west in Louisiana, near Baton Rouge, landowners eyeing big profits from rich agricultural holdings support a plan that would fill in backwater swamps. Conservationists are fighting the idea, saying it would dry up an ecologically valuable resource.

Along the 7,863-mile Pacific littoral, where "coastline consciousness" is probably higher than anywhere else in the U.S., the Interior Department is planning to open 1.3 million acres on the outer continental shelf to oil exploration. This is sure to set the stage for another classic confrontation between the conflicting needs of safeguarding the environment and extracting vital natural resources. As with most environmental issues, the battle over the coast pits those who would exploit it further against those who would stop fiddling altogether with the littoral and its complex system of wetlands and estuaries. The need for growth, which brings jobs, profits and tax revenues, often argues powerfully for development.

Cape Hatteras: sandbags against the sea
The folly of building on shifting sands.

For many of the save-the-coast people, a slender volume titled *The Thin Edge*, published in 1978 by Environmentalist Anne W. Simon, 66, is something of a bible. The book is an expansion of Simon's earlier *No Island Is an Island*, which dealt with the environmental ordeal of Martha's Vineyard, the island off Massachusetts on which she summers. In *Edge*, she writes: "In the last ten years, the coast's magnetic pull has become stronger than ever—more industry, more oil, more people, hotels, motels, boatels, more sewage, more waste. The coast is informing us that there is a saturation point beyond which its natural functions no longer flourish, often diminish, or simply cease."

The book adds little to what a well-informed conservationist may already know. But for the layman, it paints a disturbing picture. The issues, as Simon and the Coast Alliance see them:

WETLANDS. Those low, swampy areas along the East and Gulf coasts are better preserved than drained and built on. They absorb floodwaters and provide food for millions of minnows and shrimp, which in turn feed larger creatures. An acre of salt marsh in Georgia produces ten tons of dry organic matter every year, *vs.* just four tons for the most fertile hayfield. Nonetheless, 40% of the nation's wetlands have been destroyed by public and private development. Yet this attrition is slowing: as the natural benefits of wetlands become better understood, laws are being passed to protect them. Even the dam-building Corps of Engineers, which environmentalists blame for much reckless destruction of wetlands, now concedes that in some instances swamps control floods better than it can.

POLLUTION. Oil is the biggest offender, and not just in obvious ways like fouling beaches. Lobsters, for example, have a sweet tooth for the rich hydrocarbons they find in glops of oil off the New England coast. As oil spills and exploratory oil digs increase, some environmentalists fear that lobsters' migratory and mating patterns may be affected. Says Coast Alliance Executive Director Bill Painter: "There are thousands of little spills every year that experts think are a great danger to the environment. Those spills add up."

ACCESS. More than 90% of the U.S. coast (excluding Alaska) is privately owned, and some of the remainder is controlled by the military and is strictly off limits. Only about 5% is open to public recreational use, meaning that Americans have available to them just one acre of beach for every 1,450 citizens—roughly the population density of parts of Long Island's jam-packed Jones Beach on a hot summer Sunday. In some parts of the country, the squeeze is even tighter: in the South, there is only one acre of swimming beach for every 3,080 people. The need for open beaches is sure to rise: more than 50% of the population now lives in the counties clustered along the coasts, and some demographers expect that figure to reach 75% by the end of the decade.

SHIFTING SANDS. The environmentalists' ultimate antidevelopment argument, which even Corps of Engineers officials privately salute, is that nothing built by man can stand up permanently against the natural forces at work on the coasts. Beaches are always on the move, which is how they parry the mighty pounding of

the ocean. Some barrier islands shift position entirely over the course of a century, while still protecting the mainland beyond by absorbing the force of the waves. Builders ignore this when they erect towns on the edge of the sea. So do those who construct groins intended to stop the movement of the shores. After Hurricane Allen ravaged barrier islands off Texas in August, developers pushed ahead with plans to construct 15 new condominiums and hotels on the southern end of Padre Island.

Making matters worse is the fact that when disaster strikes in the form of storms or floods, Government agencies and the National Flood Insurance Program help rebuild what will almost surely be destroyed again some day. There is some movement, though, to end such nonsense. Well along in Congress is a bill that would cut off Government subsidies for developing barrier islands off the coast. In addition, the 1972 Coastal Zone Management Act supplies money to states to help them set up programs for their shorelines. So far, though, only 19 of the 35 coastal states and territories have drawn up federally approved plans, which specify what land and water uses will be permitted. Some states are taking stiffer action

None of these belated governmental efforts really satisfies Environmentalist Simon. Says she: "The original initiative to rescue the shorelines has gotten all wound up in bureaucracy. Unless we quickly find a way to remove the coast as a source of profit, we're not going to have a functioning coast." Simon would like to see the U.S. emulate Sweden, which has protected thousands of miles of shoreline for free public use. With so many vested interests, that may not be possible in the U.S. now. It may take the relentless pounding of the sea itself, which knows no constituency, to bring about reform. *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Peter Stoler and Philip Faflick/New York*

Destroyed by the sea, a causeway ends far short of its destination on Dauphin Island, Ala.

Dune buggies at Pismo Beach, Calif.

A rampart fends off waves at Imperial, Calif., where the beach has been mostly washed away

Jetties stabilize the shore near cottages at Litchfield Beach, S.C.

A threat of becoming an unbroken stretch of boardwalk and pizza-parlor tackiness

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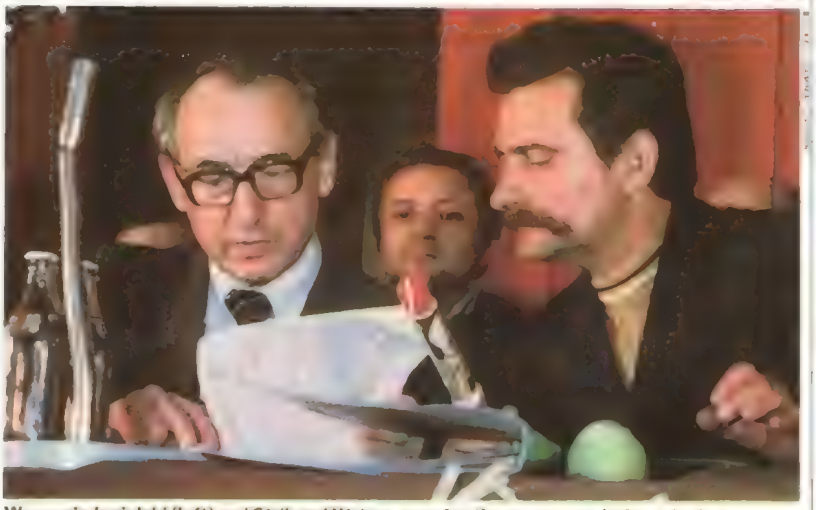
POLAND

Triumph And New Shocks

The workers win and out goes Gierek



Warsaw's Jagielski (left) and Strikers' Walesa examine the agreement before signing

Popular mandate for reform: thousands of sympathizers greet announcement of Gdansk strike settlement

Poland had scarcely begun to savor the remarkable triumph of the workers of Gdansk and the miners of Silesia in wresting a series of unprecedented reforms from the Communist government when there was unsettling news. There had been rumors all week long, perhaps inevitably in a Communist country, that the price for Polish Leader Edward Gierek might be stiff. One version had it that his entire Politburo had been called on the red carpet to Moscow. Nonetheless, in downtown Warsaw the country's parliament assembled on schedule to discuss and ratify the government's settlement with the striking workers. Then came the first shock: a bulletin that Gierek had been stricken with a "serious heart disturbance" and was being attended by five physicians, including the Minister of Health. But the proceedings continued, and in his televised address Premier Jozef Pinkowski eloquently recommended that the strike agreement be adopted so that the government could go on and "rebuild the confidence of the nation."

The adversaries share a bouquet

"I pronounce the strike ended."

Half a mile away, a less advertised meeting of the Polish United Workers' Party's central committee had been suddenly convened. Cars of the Politburo and committee members converged on the Party House, their white sandstone-faced headquarters. There, something quite different was going on, and, in the ease of hindsight, perfectly predictable. Indeed, the script had been used before. At 1:30 a.m. Saturday came the official announcement that the ailing Gierek—whose malady might be more political than physical—had been replaced. The new boss of the Polish Communist party, the country's ruling authority, was Stanislaw Kania, 53, whose responsibilities for the past five years in the Politburo pointedly included, among other things,

security and defense. A tough, inside-party man, Kania had been largely overlooked in the betting on who might replace Gierek.

Gierek apparently learned about his fate last Wednesday when he met secretly near the U.S.S.R. border with Soviet Politburo Member Andrei Kirilenko. Western analysts assume that Gierek also learned then that he was losing his Politburo seat and Central Committee secretaryship. "His illness might have speeded things up a little more," said a West German specialist. "But now it seems the decision was made before."

Precisely what the change meant for the country, and for the victory the workers believed they had won, remained to be seen. There were those, understandably, who did not take much comfort in Kania's background. But there were also those who recalled that at the height of the strikes Kania had been quoted as telling the Gdansk party organization that it was a time "for a political solution—not for force." The only thing that could be reasonably certain, given the risky experiments the country and the workers had embarked upon, was that Kania was surely a man to Moscow's liking.

The week had begun with life in the Baltic port of Gdansk getting back to normal. Before dawn, city trams and buses began their rounds through the chilly, rain-swept streets. Workers filed through factory gates. Dockers started to unload the dozens of ships stacked up in the harbor. As seagulls wheeled and cried overhead, the multicolored cranes at Lenin Shipyard arced through the air hauling heavy metal parts. Indeed, it almost seemed as if nothing much had changed since 16,000 shipyard workers had walked off the job and occupied the sprawling complex for 18 days.

In reality, all of Poland had been shaken. The Lenin Shipyard strike had transformed a series of scattered protests over rising meat prices into a workers' crusade for sweeping economic and political reforms. From its nerve center in Gdansk, the movement quickly swept the Baltic coast, spread southward, and finally reached deep into the coal-mining heartland of Silesia. Before the strikes had ended, some 500,000 workers at over 500 enterprises had joined the peaceful but crippling revolt. The work stoppages had cost hundreds of millions of dollars, pushing the country to the brink of disaster and testing the limits of Soviet patience.

For three tense weeks, the world had watched a surreal spectacle: a Communist government at first denouncing, then publicly negotiating with, its own rebellious workers. No less remarkable was the display of discipline, organization and shrewd negotiating skills provided by the Gdansk-based Interfactory Strike Committee (MKS) that became the bargaining agent for over 400 Baltic enterprises. Most astounding of all were the agreements that finally ended the major strikes. In addition to pay raises and increased social benefits, Gierek's regime had granted —on paper at least—a spate of political concessions unprecedented anywhere in a Communist country: independent, worker-run trade unions, a legal right to strike and a relaxation of censorship. In return, the strikers agreed to recognize the supremacy of the Communist Party and to keep their independent trade unions out of the "political" realm.

Though the government's extraordinary concessions got nearly all the strikers back to work, ominous questions loomed even before Gierek's ousting. First of all, there was the text of the agreement itself; it contained ambiguous, even contradictory, language that could obviously lead to widely differing interpretations in the future. For example, the section providing for relaxation of censorship nevertheless asserts the government's right to "protect state and economic secrets." But more important was the question of whether the government would, or could, deliver on the spirit of the agreement. Even with the best of intentions, how could the regime, already economically strapped, deliver on its bread-and-butter

New Party Boss Stanislaw Kania

Surely a man to Moscow's liking.

promises? Would Warsaw really permit independent labor organizations to rival the party-controlled unions prescribed by Leninist dogma? If so, would Moscow tolerate such a challenge to the Communist Party's monopoly of power? Kania was reassuring in a speech before the Central Committee Friday night. Said he: "We shall take care that all these agreements are implemented."

But reaction from Moscow and the rest of the East bloc was hardly encouraging. While Poland announced a hard-currency Soviet loan to help ease its economic crisis, Moscow delivered a steady stream of vitriol against "antisocialist elements," which it blamed for the strikes in the first place, and against the West in general, which it blamed for subsequent interference. Concerted blasts from East German and Czechoslovak party organs —obviously concerned with the potential for labor trouble in their own countries —denounced "those whose hearts supposedly beat for Polish workers [but] in reality are anti-Polish wolves in sheep's clothing." One obvious target of such recriminations: a gesture of solidarity from the U.S. labor movement. In spite of grave reservations on the part of the Carter Administration, which was careful to urge restraint in the Polish crisis, the AFL-CIO announced the establishment of a special fund to help the Polish strikers set up their new free labor unions.

Nothing better illustrated the improbability of the situation than the nationally televised signing ceremony that took place in Gdansk last week. As millions of Poles looked on from their living rooms, the Interfactory Strike Committee and government delegations filed into a reception room at Lenin Shipyard and took their seats at the same wooden table where the agreements had been hammered out over the previous week. On one side sat the Warsaw government's chief negotiator, Mieczyslaw Jagielski, 56, the conservatively dressed, gray-templed First Deputy Premier of Poland. Facing him was Strike Leader Lech Walesa, the 37-year-old electrician with a drooping mustache and a shock of brown hair, who had become the workingmen's hero.

Walesa began by reading a brief statement. "I can say with satisfaction that we have solved our dispute without the use of force, through talks and persuasion," he said. "We have shown that Poles, when they want to, can always reach an understanding. So this is success for both sides." Walesa conceded that the workers had not got everything they wanted, but added, "We have gained everything that could be gained in the present situation. And we shall gain the rest, too, because we have the most important thing—our independent, self-governing trade unions." Then came the solemn declaration: "I pronounce the strike ended."

The strike leader rose, followed by his comrades and the government delegates, and in a raspy baritone began to sing the Polish national anthem, *Jeszcze Polska Nie Zginela* (Poland Has Not Yet Perished). The workers and government officials picked it up, as did the hundreds of strike representatives who had been listening to the proceedings over a loudspeaker. Then came the signing of the formal strike settlement, a blue-bound document containing agreements on all but one of the strikers' 21 major demands. (Rejected: across-the-board lowering of the retirement age.) The Deputy Premier quickly flipped through the pages and signed with an ordinary ballpoint. Walesa, however, took out a red and white sausage of a pen as long as his forearm. It was a souvenir of Pope John Paul II's visit to Poland last year—and thus a sort of pop reminder of the church's devout following among the country's overwhelmingly Catholic workers.

When the shipyard workers returned to their jobs the next day, garlands of wilt-

ing flowers still decorated the gate. But now there was also a new red slogan: WORKERS OF ALL ENTERPRISES—UNITE! In one of the hull-making sheds across the yard, workers were doing just that. All morning long, blue-clad men and women trooped up the rickety stairs to a grimy foreman's office to sign up for membership in the new unions.

In a brown apartment building across town, meanwhile, Lech Walesa arrived with a bunch of gladioli and a large crucifix to open up the temporary union headquarters. He stretched out his hands, looked skyward and proclaimed: "I am in an empty room, but one full of hope." Walesa said that he and the other members of the Gdansk strike committee would serve as interim officers until elections can be held; but he confessed that no one yet knows how the new unions will operate. The settlement stipulated that any worker could choose to remain in the old party-controlled unions and even envisioned "the possibility of cooperation between the [new and old] unions."

Later that evening, authorities fulfilled another promise made by Jagielski: the release of some 30 dissidents who had been jailed during the crisis. At a press conference shortly after his liberation, Jacek Kuron, spokesman for the Committee for Social Self-Defense (KOR), called the Gdansk agreement "a victory for the workers, but also for the government, which showed a sense of realism."

In fact, the government's back-to-work campaign was not yet complete. No sooner had workers on the Baltic coast and most other regions returned to their jobs than the scattered coal miners' strikes in Silesia mushroomed into a new potential crisis. Among Poland's best paid and most coddled workers, the miners had remained aloof from the riots of 1970 and 1976. Their burgeoning unrest last week was all the more alarming to Warsaw since coal and lignite provide 85% of Poland's energy and 15% of its hard-currency export earnings. The upheaval was also a personal blow to ex-Miner Gierek, whose birthplace and original power base was in Silesia.

Deposed Leader Edward Gierek

A malady that might be political.

News of the Gdansk agreement failed to stem the tide of the mining protest, and tensions were further heightened when a runaway coal car killed eight men in the Halemba Mine near Katowice. By midweek, 200,000 workers from some 22 mines and 50 factories had allied themselves with a central strike committee at the Manifest Lipcowy Mine in the southern town of Jastrzebie. To the 21 Gdansk demands, the miners added several of their own, including improved safety measures and an end to the four-shift "brigade" system begun last year to enable the mines to operate 24 hours a day. Though workers in each shift got two days off after six working days, they had only about one free Sunday a month—an arrangement they bitterly resented for both religious and family reasons.

After initial talks bogged down, the government dispatched a top-level delegation, headed by Deputy Premier Aleksander Kopec, to Jastrzebie. Negotiations continued through the night in a stuffy conference room whose walls were draped with black cloth as a sign of mourning for the eight dead Halemba miners. It was clear at that point that the government was desperate to end the crisis. Conceded a party member in Warsaw: "Whatever is demanded by the miners, the government will accept." An accord reached at midweek promised the miners 52 free Saturdays a year, an end to the four-brigade system, and higher salaries. Almost all of the miners returned to work the next day, bringing Poland's worst postwar labor crisis to an uneasy close.

The strike experience was liberating in its own right. Once the crisis began, the Polish press enjoyed considerable freedom in reporting events objectively. Poles accustomed to censorship reveled in a series of novelties: striking workers quoted in newspapers; a sermon by Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the Polish Primate, broadcast over national television; the full texts of the labor-government agreements; even editorial

A Tough New Boss

Stanislaw Kania is virtually unknown in the West, but Poland watchers are in agreement on one point: he is a loyal apparatchik with orthodox views and no inclination to buck Moscow. "Kania's advent does not bode well for people espousing reform," says Richard Davies, former U.S. Ambassador to Poland. "He can be expected to try to restrict the realization of the agreement with the workers." Another analyst puts it more harshly: "Of all the people they could have picked, he is one of the toughest."

Nine years ago Gierek gave Kania the job of running Poland's entire security apparatus—its espionage, counterespionage and police services. "He is very much the Communist law-and-order man," says one expert on Poland. A nimble careerist, Kania was named to the ruling Politburo in 1975 and now, at 53, is the youngest Communist Party chief in the Soviet bloc. Notes a West German specialist: "He has the strong ambition and ruthlessness needed to survive at the top levels."

Square, squat and dour-faced, Kania is the only top Polish official of solely peasant stock. Raised in a village in southeastern Poland, he trained as a blacksmith, but in 1945 went to work for the Communist Party. In 1968, although he had little formal education, Kania was appointed head of the Central Committee's administrative department, where he ran the party machinery according to the wishes of the Politburo and the party secretaries. To satisfy so many constituencies, as he evidently did, Kania needed considerable bureaucratic skill—and the political finesse of a big-city mayor. As security chief, he expanded his power base while weeding out Gomulka loyalists and Stalinist diehards.

Almost nothing is known of his private life. The few Westerners who have met him have been struck by his shrewdness and tough-mindedness, as well as his utter lack of humor. To be a Pole, almost by definition, is to be fervently nationalistic and Roman Catholic, but Kania seems to have rechanneled his religious impulses. Explains a Bonn analyst: "It's not that he is anti-church or anti-Catholic, because no Pole is. Rather, he is a devout Communist."

That he is the Kremlin's creature seemed certain by his selection over the wily Stefan Olszowski, 49, an economic reformer and Gierek's longtime rival. Speaking on his own, Kania urged political compromise in Gdansk, but denounced some of the strike leaders as "antisocialists" who were heading in a direction "that no longer has to do with the interests of the workers." Now he will have to satisfy Moscow without igniting his restive nation. Says a West German expert: "He faces a monstrous task."

BAR TENDER SMIRNOFF STYLE.

"YOU TAKE A GLASS OF GINGER ALE, YOU SEE, AND THEN YOU POUR JUST A LITTLE SMIRNOFF IN IT TO MAKE IT SPARKLE. AND THEN YOU GIVE IT TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND YOU SAY, 'I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID BEFORE...'"

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criticisms of government economic policies. People waited in lines a hundred yards long to buy party newspapers that suddenly contained enough real news to make them worth reading.

But many observers doubt that such relative freedom can last. Warned a prominent Warsaw journalist: "The censorship apparatus is still in place. The agreement that was signed is only the beginning. Now it will be submitted to the most serious trial, the trial of life." He said he hoped that the press and the public would move cautiously in testing the limits of free expression. "We all have in mind the Czechoslovak experience," he said. "We know that whoever wants too much may lose everything."

Most Western experts are equally doubtful that the key political concessions will be fully honored by the Warsaw government. Some of the promises may be carried out; but a complete enactment of the accords would mean dismantling or at least weakening much of the Communist system. Despite the workers' pledge to recognize the party's supremacy and refrain from political activity, it would be difficult for the independent unions to avoid a clash with the central authority of the state. It could amount to a *de facto* multiparty system, which Communism cannot ideologically countenance.

One Carter Administration official went so far as to hail the Polish strike settlement as "potentially the most important event in Eastern Europe since the Stalin-Tito break." It is particularly significant, he suggested, because it questions the very core of the Communist structure in Poland—which to the Soviet Union, geopolitically, is the most important country in Europe. Now, the official said, the popular support for reform is such that "the Soviets are going to have considerable difficulty in defining what is tolerable."

Another reason for Moscow's concern was the potential for contagion —that before long the successful strike for rights in Poland might prompt similar unrest elsewhere in Eastern Europe. Certainly the breeding ground was there. TIME has learned that two violent strikes broke out in Rumania in mid-July following Party Boss Nicolae Ceauşescu's decision to reduce wages by 15%. One of the upheavals took place at the model 25,000-worker "23rd of August" heavy machinery complex, near Bucharest, where strikers burned down a foundry during a four-day riot. Two workers were killed.

For practical as well as ideological reasons, therefore, Moscow is likely to put tremendous pressure on Kania to scale down the concessions. The ultimate price of Soviet forbearance, speculates a senior Western diplomat, will be "that the party be reaffirmed as the supreme arbitrator of the state at every level of society."

As Poland's main trading partner, and the source of 80% of its oil supply, Moscow could make it economically impossible for Warsaw to carry out the promised reforms. Even before the strikes, Poland's economy was groaning under a $20 billion foreign debt, severe shortages and declining growth—a set of conditions that were largely responsible for the unrest in the first place. The stoppages themselves cost the country an estimated $500 million in foreign trade. Now the wage increases and new meat imports that the workers' agreement promises would severely strain the economy without large infusions of foreign aid. In these terms, the estimated $100 million loan Moscow had extended so far was modest, and it was not clear how much more help the Soviets might be willing to provide.

Coal miners in Silesia await word of settlement

Whatever they demand will be accepted.

More substantial aid seemed to be available in the West. President Carter sent letters to the leaders of Britain, West Germany and France seeking their ideas on ways of shoring up their ailing Polish debtor. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's suggestion: a $2 billion U.S. credit to Poland as a follow-up to a $672 million loan granted last month by a West German banking consortium.

Foreshadowing the imminent party showdown, was the sudden eruption of a bizarre, high-level scandal. The "Polish Watergate," as irreverent newsmen promptly called it, involved Maciej Szczepanski, 52, a close Gierek associate who had been ousted as head of Polish Radio and Television during last month's party shake-up. Now it was publicly revealed that Szczepanski was under official investigation for embezzlement, personal enrichment and moral depravity. The high-living official was said to have amassed a vast fortune by siphoning off government radio and television funds. Among his alleged acquisitions: a 40-acre sheep farm, a five-room villa with a glass-bottomed swimming pool and four black prostitutes in attendance, a luxuriously appointed yacht, a "palace" with 19 servants and over 900 pornographic video tapes. Gierek was said to have covered up the allegations when they first came to light last spring. Their sudden disclosure last week appeared to be part of a campaign to discredit him in preparation for his removal.

Kania's selection as First Secretary of the Central Committee was accompanied by other significant changes in the party leadership. Two new men were appointed to the Politburo: Central Committee Member Andrzej Zabinski and Deputy Premier Kazimierz Barcikowski, one of the government negotiators in the Baltic strike. Three other officials were made Secretaries of the Central Committee. Among them was Tadeusz Grabski, who had been ousted last year after a scathing attack on the government's economic performance but then reinstated to Central Committee membership in last month's party shake-up, known as the Sunday Massacre. The elevation of men like Barcikowski and Grabski, who are considered economic reformers, seemed to undercut Kania's reputation as a hard-liner, or else are meant to provide a possible balance for a more collective new leadership.

Gierek thus met the same fate as his predecessor, Wladyslaw Gomulka, who had been ousted (after being taken ill by a "circulatory ailment") in 1970 following his bloody suppression of food price riots in the Baltic ports. An ex-miner who was then a provincial party chief in Silesia, Gierek had come to power as a popular reformer who grandly promised to improve the workers' lot with a rapid industrial modernization financed by heavy borrowing. But a combination of mishaps and bungled central planning finally plunged the country into a hopeless economic quagmire that enraged the workers. As he had done in the violent 1976 upheaval, commendably enough, Gierek had worked for a peaceful solution of the recent strikes. But by then he had lost the confidence of the public, his own party and the Kremlin. In the end, even the miners of his beloved Silesia had abandoned him. Said one of the strikers at a mine in Jastrzebie last week: "We believed in his good intentions, but we did not believe he could make changes." —*By Thomas A. Scanton. Reported by Barry Kalb/Warsaw*

LAST-WEST

Life Along the Death Strip

An 856-mile German frontier of guns, mines and attack dogs

While the labor crisis in Poland was making headlines nearly everywhere else in the world, the nervous Communist regime in neighboring East Germany pointedly minimized the news in its state-controlled press. At the same time, observers along East Germany's border with West Germany noted signs of stepped-up security, presumably to prevent the escape of any East Germans who might be infected by the unrest in Poland.

Today, more than ever, that border is a formidable and repelling obstacle, marked by a heavily fortified wire mesh fence 856 miles long. For nearly 20 years, it has stood as the means by which East Germany has effectively sealed off its 17 million people from the West. The fortifications have been progressively extended, and new security devices are constantly being added. TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs visited the West German side of the bristling barrier and flew a 40-mile surveillance mission in a U.S. Army patrol helicopter. His report:

Grim steel watchtowers equipped with machine-gun ports and studded along the frontier within sight of each other monitor every yard of the fence and the barren strip of no man's land behind it. The nine road, eight rail and two canal crossings are tightly guarded and brightly floodlit at night. Traffic is minutely inspected to foil escapes. Heat-sensitive devices are used to detect persons hidden in vehicles and barges, and trained German shepherd dogs roam underneath all trains to sniff out would-be escapees clinging to undercarriages.

At Grüsselbach the wire fence is 9 ft. high and anchored 3 ft. deep in the ground to prevent tunneling. It is topped with specially sharpened mesh so fine that a fingerhold is impossible. It is hung with powerful fragmentation mines at head, chest and knee level that can be triggered automatically by trip wires or detonated from nearby guard towers. For 547 yds. back into East Germany, all vegetation has been cleared, and the ground is raked regularly so telltale footprints will show. Farther back runs a deep trench that prevents vehicles from reaching the fence. Nearly a mile inside the border is a second fence, equipped with detection devices and automatically triggered shotguns.

East Germany keeps its citizens well back from the fence. Those permitted to live within three miles of the frontier must have special permits. These are mostly farmers, who work their fields from one hour after sunrise to one hour before sunset, usually under armed guard and sometimes with other guards guarding the guards to discourage escape attempts.

There is no doubt why the fence is there. East Germany claims the fortified frontier is purely defensive, but many watchtowers do not even afford a view of West Germany. All, however, offer a clear field of fire back to the east. Fortifications are being refined and modernized continually. According to Western estimates, the East Germans have invested well over $7 billion in building and maintaining the barrier. "They now have third-generation equipment in place," says Major Karl Ball, deputy commander of the Bundesgrenzschutz, West Germany's border police, in the central sector. "It has always been difficult for people to escape. Now it is nearly impossible."

The fence was first fortified in 1961, after East Germany erected the infamous Berlin Wall, to stanch an outward flood of East Germans to the West that was running at the rate of over 200,000 a year. In 1962, the first full year in which a primitive fortified fence was in place, there were 5,761 escapes across it. So far this year there have been only 147. "Today it is far safer to try and get out through a neighboring East bloc country," Ball says. "Only the truly desperate risk the so-called Death Strip."

Some escapes have been ingenious. Last year two families fashioned a homemade hot air balloon out of bedsheets and curtain strips and sailed silently over the fence to freedom by night in the southern border sector. But most who manage to get across today are either disaffected members of the 42,000-strong East German border guard force or people living near the border who are told by sympathetic guards about spots along the fence where mines have been temporarily removed for maintenance. In May a young couple scrambled over the fence at an unmined spot in the central sector: two border guards in a nearby watchtower studiously looked the other way.

Others are not so lucky. Last month there was an outbreak of automatic weapons fire one night in the central sector. No death has been reported, but a farmer on the western side says: "They brought out a truck at dawn and threw something into it. I understand they are claiming it was a cow. But it was light

East German watchtower guards border

GAUMY—GAMMA/LIAISON

Cement portion of wall marking no man's land between East and West

Only the truly desperate would ever try to risk crossing the line

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Improving Chemical Product Safety

What we're doing to minimize risks to people's health and the environment

America's chemical industry invests millions of dollars each year to make our products as safe as we can. For example, we're building new test facilities and using new, highly sophisticated research equipment. When necessary, we're also searching for alternatives. Still, we're not satisfied. Here's how we're trying to do a better job:

1. Funding an independent test facility

To supplement their own toxicology laboratories, 35 chemical companies have joined to create the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology (CIIT), a $14 million research facility at Research Triangle Park, near Raleigh, North Carolina. The purpose: to develop and use more reliable methods to assess the possible effects of chemicals on people and the environment. The institute has total operating independence. It also operates non-profit and is the first facility of its kind in the world.

CIIT's efforts focus on three mutually supportive areas: testing, research and professional training. At present, CIIT is conducting research on the most commonly used chemicals, evaluating them by today's more stringent standards. Information developed by the institute is provided openly and simultaneously to the entire chemical industry, the government and the public. We believe this underscores our entire industry's commitment to making sure our products meet—or exceed—today's exacting health and safety standards.

2. Increasing on-site research

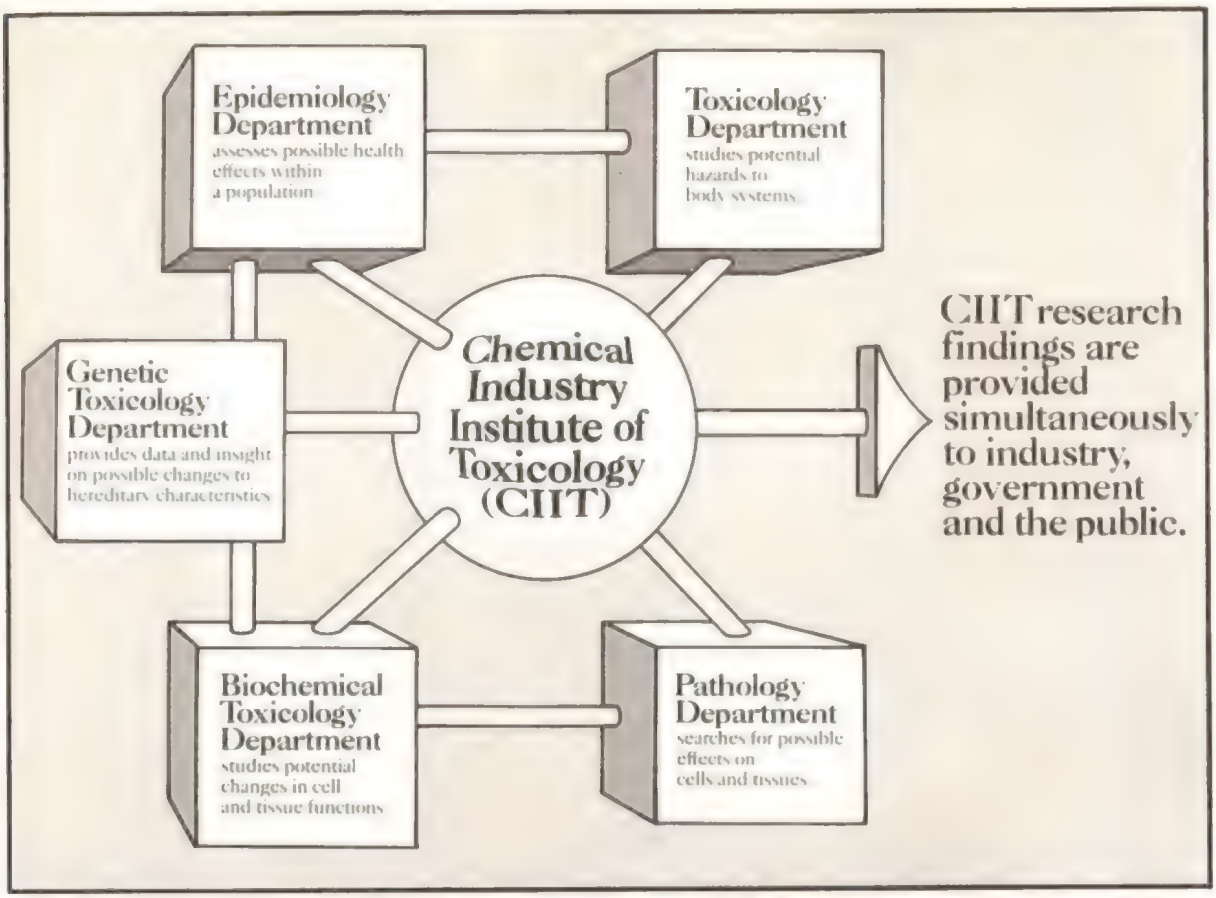
Seven major chemical companies already have multimillion dollar toxicological laboratories as large as, or larger than, the CIIT facilities. Other chemical companies are opening new research and testing laboratories and adding to existing research facilities. These facilities help companies develop the fullest body of knowledge about their own products should questions ever arise about their proper use, handling characteristics and overall safety.

3. Finding safer new chemicals and products

When scientific information casts suspicion on the safety of a chemical substance, we search for safer alternatives and develop safeguards. For example, we helped in the development of biodegradable detergents to replace ordinary detergents that created environmental problems. Another example: cellulose acetate film was developed to eliminate the extreme fire hazard that was posed by nitrocellulose film.

4. Improving detection methods

Steady, sometimes dramatic improvements in scientific measurement techniques and



The Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology, an independent research facility funded by members of the chemical industry, conducts research and testing on commonly used chemicals to help protect people's health and the environment.

equipment have brought about a million-fold increase in our ability to analyze chemicals. One instrument, the gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer, for example, helps us detect materials at levels as low as one part per trillion—equal to one grain in an 18-foot layer of sand covering a football field.

5.
Expanding the flow of safety information

Many member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association prepare Material Safety Data Sheets on chemicals and chemical products. These sheets, introduced as a voluntary effort by our industry nearly 50 years ago, are designed to give technical people, plant workers and down-stream processors data to help them safely handle chemical substances. The sheets include information on safe handling techniques, appropriate storage and possible hazards, along with health and emergency instructions in case of chemical accidents.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to improve chemical product safety, write to: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. ET-09, Box 363, Beltsville, Md. 20705.

America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

enough so I could see that whatever it was had only two legs." All told, 106 people have been officially listed as killed while trying to escape across the fence since it was armed 19 years ago.

"It's heartbreaking," concedes Colonel John Sherman Crow, 43, commander of the U.S. 11th Armored (Black Horse) Cavalry Regiment, which is charged with border surveillance in the central sector at Fulda. "But we are forbidden to interfere until someone actually gets across the line. And we must make sure that we don't violate that line on patrol, not with a single footprint, tire track or rotor blade." Crow assigns daily helicopter patrols to fly "the trace," as the border is known, always with specially trained pilots. Ground patrols operate within a few feet of the frontier, occasionally augmented by new M-60A3 tanks, says Crow, "to remind the other side that we have a wartime capability here as well."

His orders to his troops are strict: no talking, swearing or gesturing to East German patrols who sometimes pass less than 5 ft. away. For the most part, the discipline is matched on the other side, although it deteriorated when the Dallas Cowboys' cheerleaders came to visit a U.S. Army observation post last March. "They can tell when we have visitors at the o.p.," says one squad leader, "and it usually takes them ten minutes or so to get transport and come up opposite for a closer look. On the day the girls were here, they made it in five minutes flat, with broad smiles to boot."

Inevitably, the fence has separated friends and families. "Eighty percent of our people have relatives over there," says Deputy Mayor Günter Burghardt of Rasdorf (pop. 1,700), gesturing at the town of Geisa (pop. 4,000) across the fence, less than two miles away. "Many were born over there, went to school there, or had jobs there. Now we have to look west, not east, for all that." Though Rasdorf and Geisa are in plain sight of each other, telephone calls between them take up to eight hours to complete, and getting from one to the other—if a visiting permit for Geisa is granted—is now a 154-mile drive instead of a 20-min. walk.

Even in death the fence intervenes. "By the time we hear that a friend or loved one has died over there," says Burghardt, "he's long since buried." Farther north along the fence at Unterbreizbach, however, there is a cemetery on the eastern side next to the border; a grim watchtower soars amid the headstones. As Easterners bury their dead under the scrutiny of border guards, West Germans gather to watch, pray and lay wreaths against the border markers. "We don't know who they are," says a local butcher, "but our hearts go out to them anyway. Don't forget, we are all Germans, after all." The wreaths are always gone the next day. East German patrols have scooped them up overnight and destroyed them. ■

MIDDLE EAST

Score One for Linowitz

Israel and Egypt agree to resume the peace talks

"They were fighting for the life of the Camp David peace talks," declared an American official last week, and so it seemed. For more than two days, U.S. Special Envoy to the Middle East Sol Linowitz haggled vigorously with senior Israeli officials in Jerusalem. Finally, after his last two-hour session with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Linowitz emerged with an unmistakable expression of satisfaction on his face. Less than a day later, the reason became clear. After only 45 min. of discussion with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Alexandria, Linowitz announced that the stalled autonomy talks between Israel and Egypt would be resumed shortly. Linowitz said the two nations would begin preparations for another summit conference, to be held in the U.S., probably shortly after the presidential election in November. What was more, Linowitz later added, Israel and Egypt had agreed to consider a U.S. plan—the details unrevealed—to break the deadlock over Palestinian self-rule in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Sadat with Linowitz in Alexandria

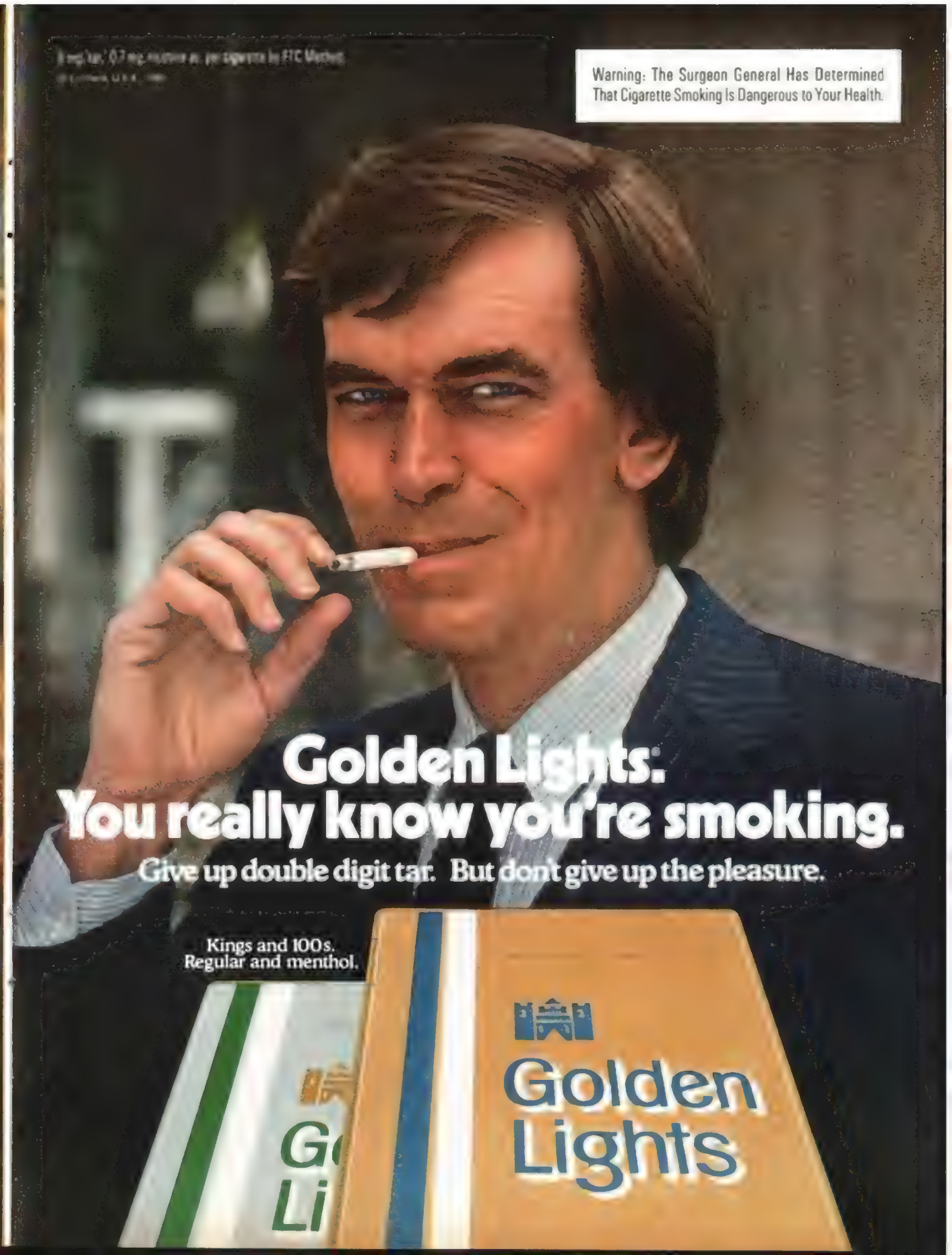
Resuming "the only game in town."

The negotiations were angrily suspended by Sadat last month after the Israeli parliament passed a bill affirming Israeli sovereignty over all of Jerusalem. Linowitz's task was further complicated by Israel's truculent reaction to a series of diplomatic rebuffs at the U.N., and its reasserted plans to establish six new Jewish settlements on the West Bank. The American envoy was also concerned about the distracting influence of West European initiatives in the Middle East, including a current peace mission by Luxembourg's Foreign Minister Gaston Thorn. The Camp David negotiations, declared Linowitz sharply, are "the only game in town."

During his first meeting with Begin, which lasted almost three hours, Linowitz emphasized that any further diplomatic provocations by Israel—like Begin's threatened move to new government offices in East Jerusalem, where the population is largely Palestinian—could finish off the Camp David peace process. Next day, after a second meeting with Begin, Linowitz announced that the Prime Minister had agreed to make certain concessions that would be "helpful to the atmosphere." Begin later insisted, "We didn't change any detail." But he was evasive on the question of the proposed move of his office to East Jerusalem, suggesting that he might now be willing to back down on this sensitive matter. Linowitz hinted that the Israelis might also be prepared to release some Palestinian political prisoners currently held in Israeli jails and perhaps make some sort of conciliatory gesture toward Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza.

Once the Israelis had given Linowitz private assurance of good will, Sadat quickly agreed not only to the resumption of the peace talks but also to the idea of another summit conference later this year. To make it official, Jimmy Carter invited Begin to come to Washington following a visit to New York, which the Israeli Prime Minister had already planned for Nov. 11.

In another arena of Middle Eastern affairs, a curious courtship was taking place between Libya and Syria. On the occasion of the eleventh anniversary of his country's revolution, Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi unexpectedly proposed an "immediate" merger with Syria. Equally unexpected was the almost instantaneous reply of Syrian President Hafez Assad: "We extend our arm to meet with yours in unity." Syria is at loggerheads with two of its Arab neighbors, Iraq and Jordan, and is desperately short of cash, so a union with Libya might conceivably work to its benefit. But such merger proposals, offered in the name of the "Arab nation," have a notoriously poor track record. An Egypt-Syria merger fell apart in 1961. An Egypt-Yemen union dissolved the same year. A proposed Libya-Egypt federation was stillborn in 1973. Thus the latest proposal was greeted with skepticism on almost all sides. Anwar Sadat denounced it as "funny and childish," and added scathingly: "The destiny of the Arab nation is placed in the hands of children." ■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IRAN

In Touch

Exchanging letters, at least

It was the first time since the aborted American rescue mission in April that there had been any kind of direct contact between the two governments. The form was a letter from U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie to Iran's new Prime Minister, Mohammed Ali Raja'i. Muskie asked that Iran's parliament reconsider the release of the 52 American hostages still held in the country. Said a State Department official in Washington: "The letter represents an effort to open the lines of communication now that the Iranians are getting a constitutional government in place."

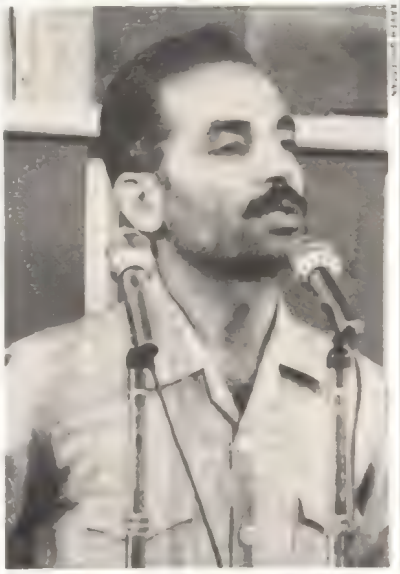
Earlier last month, Muskie had spelled out a series of elements that he said might indicate a changed climate surrounding the hostage crisis since the death of the Shah. They were: the release of Richard Queen, which had presumably been done on compassionate grounds; the fact that the Ramadan holy season was coming to a close; and finally, the emergence of a government that would have the authority to make decisions.

The Administration did not reveal the exact contents of Muskie's letter. The reasoning was that the best course was to let the Iranians make public as much or as little of the message as they chose. It was known only that it did not contain anything like the "apology" that the Iranians have demanded of the U.S. for its role in Iran in the days of the Shah.

Meanwhile the Iranian parliament, the Majlis, turned to its own epistolary exchange: its Foreign Affairs Committee drafted an irate response to a letter sent to the Majlis last month by 187 U.S. Congressmen similarly asking for a resolution to the hostage crisis. Like many of Iran's past communications about the hostages, the Majlis letter painstakingly distinguished between the U.S. Government and the American people. It rehashed past allegations about American actions against Iran, such as the CIA-sponsored *coup d'état* that restored the Shah to power in 1953.

Then it repeated Tehran's basic demand for the release of the hostages: essentially, a negotiated ransom. "Gentlemen," said the letter, "you can take positive steps in resolving the hostage crisis. You can place on your urgent agenda the assessment of the damages sustained by Iran because of U.S. policies and Iran's legitimate demands, especially the return of the assets of the Shah and his relatives. It is in this way that the path to the settlement of the crisis will be opened."

Foreign diplomats are becoming increasingly aware of how badly Tehran needs the return of the $8 billion Iranian assets that have been frozen in U.S. banks and a restoration of normal trade relations with the West. Shady deals with black marketeers who supply spare parts unavailable because of the West's boycott, for instance, have become the main cause of a runaway inflation that is estimated between 70% and 80%. The country's U.S.-supplied military hardware is in a state of such disrepair that it has put Iran at a severe disadvantage in its border conflicts with Iraq. A settlement with the U.S. would obviously go far to help matters.



Prime Minister Raja'i addressing the Majlis

Internecine warfare is still in full swing.

Even so, nobody's hopes were very high about an early resolution of the crisis, if only because the internecine political warfare in Iran is still in full swing. No sooner had Prime Minister Raja'i sent a list of his Cabinet nominations to the Majlis last week than President Abolhassan Banisadr publicly complained that the nominations had not been approved by him, as required under the constitution. It was hardly the first time that the President and the Prime Minister had been at odds; Raja'i went so far as to lament that the President "does not consider me fit for the Education Minister's job, let alone the Prime Minister's." The Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini refused to intervene, saying: "Try to reach agreement among yourselves." Said one politician in the clerical establishment: "He is tired of petty squabbling among the government leaders."

Banisadr said he was pretty tired of it all too. In a speech before Iranian customs workers, he accused his rivals of wasting time and resources instead of responding to the country's desperate need for economic reconstruction. He said he was staying on as President only because he considered it his duty. Said he: "If I had freedom of choice, I would not stay in office a single moment." ■

ITALY

Lethal Blunders

Neo-Fascists miss their mark

Maurizio Di Leo, 34, a printing compositor at the Rome daily *Il Messaggero*, had just parked his car near his home when the two gunmen struck. They pumped six bullets into him and sped away on a motor scooter. Di Leo died instantly. Within an hour, the neo-Fascist Armed Revolutionary Nuclei (NAR) claimed responsibility for the killing —and even phoned *Il Messaggero* to brag about it. "This evening our commando executed Concina . . ." the caller began. "No, you son of a bitch," shouted the switchboard operator in tears. "You didn't kill Concina. You murdered someone else." While Maurizio Di Leo lay dead in the street last week, *Il Messaggero* Reporter Michele Concina, author of several exposés on the NAR and the real target of the attack, was working quietly in his office.

Italy's neo-Fascists had once again drawn blood—however mistakenly—a month to the day after a terrorist bomb detonated in the Bologna train station and took 84 lives. Indeed, on the morning of Di Leo's death, tens of thousands of demonstrators had gathered outside the gutted station to protest the massacre. Police were holding 21 suspects in connection with the bombing, claiming to have decapitated the country's neo-Fascist movement.

In fact, they may have barely scratched the surface. Italy's degenerating political climate has not only been chilled by violence from the left, it has also spawned what one official calls "a vast archipelago of black [right-wing] terrorism." Of the 248 people killed by terrorists in Italy since 1969, neo-Fascists have been responsible for 117.

Groups such as *Ordine Nuovo* (New Order) and *Ordine Nero* (Black Order) exist largely underground and range in size from a handful to several hundred members. Their activities include both the open violence of the NAR, the dominant force in the ultra-right movement, and the more traditional politicking of *Terza Posizione* (Third Position), a legal, strongly nationalist organization that operates just this side of Italy's anti-Fascism laws.

An enduring strain of ineptitude runs through Italy's terrorism-on-the-right. Last December four NAR hit men were arrested after shooting down a young university student they mistakenly took to be Giorgio Arcangeli, an anti-Fascist lawyer. Thus the Di Leo blunder did not really surprise anyone. A "tactical error," the NAR called it in a rambling note late last week that said it would still go after Reporter Concina for "contributing to the falsehoods about the revolutionary vanguard." Warned the terrorists: "We will return. This time there will be no mistake." ■

AFGHANISTAN

No Place for Tourists

A land where Soviets are hated—and hunted

For nearly nine months a Soviet military occupation force of 80,000 has tried to subdue Afghanistan with an arsenal of tanks and helicopter gunships, only to be frustrated by fierce bands of Muslim rebels armed with rifles. Now the Soviets have decided to meet the insurgent *mujahidin*—holy warriors—more nearly on their own terms, guerrilla style. Under a new strategy disclosed last week, the Soviets have divided Afghanistan into seven sectors, each under a Soviet-led commando force. The new plan reportedly calls for the recruitment of highly paid Afghan tribesmen who are to act, in effect, as "enforcers" against the harboring of rebels in tribal villages. There are also signs that the Soviets may be preparing to starve out sympathetic villagers by destroying their crops.

Amid these indications of increasingly ruthless conflict, TIME Correspondent Marcia Gauger crossed the country last week. Traveling by public bus with Tyler Marshall of the Los Angeles *Times*, she journeyed in six days from Spinbaldak on the Afghanistan-Pakistan border to the city of Herat in the far west. Her report:

STEVE MCCURRY

Insurgent Afghan guerrillas carry land mines through Kunar province

"Don't go to the bazaar. They will think you are Soviets and kill you."

As seen from the mountains of western Pakistan, Afghanistan is a desert carpet of brown and beige, smudged with dust devils rising to the sky. Up close, it is a land stubbornly clinging to its nationhood and seething with hatred for the Soviet invaders, the *shuravi*. Almost as soon as we boarded our first bus, at the border, we were asked a question that would be repeated everywhere we went: "What is your country?" Our reply invariably drew smiles and approving nods. "Ah, Amereeka. Good," they said.

On route to Kandahar (pop. 125,000), 66 miles away in southern Afghanistan, our traveling companions graciously shared slices of a delicious native melon. They warmed when we inquired about the cut communications and electricity cables along the road. "*Mujahidin*," one whispered knowingly. After passing through a Soviet-manned checkpoint at Kandahar airport—the first of 40 such roadblocks during the trip—we reached the city itself. A man who had befriended us on the bus located a scooter rickshaw and led us to a safe house to spend the night.

Because the airport and main road were originally financed by the U.S., Americans are fondly remembered in Kandahar as dispensers of jobs and money. Nevertheless, our Caucasian features were a major liability. "Yes, you can go out," our host said, "but don't go to the bazaar. They will think you are Soviets and kill you." Everywhere we walked we were indeed followed by smoldering black eyes. Only when the Afghans learned our nationality did hostile looks give way to smiles. That night we were awakened by the sound of gunfire close at hand. "Go back to America," our host counseled. "Afghanistan is not nice now for tourists."

We caught a bus for Herat early the following morning. The passing desert landscape yielded camel's thorn, patches of purple and pale yellow flowers, and 28 charred metal wrecks—military trucks, armored personnel carriers and, to our horror, a bus. Again came the whisper: "*Mujahidin.*" After a Soviet guard waved us through one checkpoint, my relieved traveling companion grinned and gave the soldier a little farewell wave in return. This upset one of the Afghans, who fixed Marshall with a scowl—evidently taking him for a Soviet sympathizer—and ran his finger across his throat. Then, just as Marshall was wondering whether his throat was about to be slit, the Afghan, reassured by his friends, gave the correspondent a broad smile and a bunch of grapes.

With its ancient mosques, covered bazaars, parks and gardens, Herat (pop. 50,000) used to be a popular tourist spot. Today it is a lawless ghost town, a kind of Tombstone, Ariz., of Afghanistan. Rival bands of *mujahidin*, who long since took over, roam almost everywhere at will, answering to no one. Bandit gangs rob and pillage at gunpoint. Citizens, if caught out of doors, can be routinely gunned down in the street. Shortly after we arrived, a young businessman tried to illustrate the pervasiveness of the violence: "I went home to change my clothes at 10:30 this morning—and got caught in a firefight. That night I could hear bullets ricochet off a nearby building."

During their long, turbulent history, the people of Herat have been conquered by the likes of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane—but it has always been over their dead bodies. Nowadays neither the Soviets nor the Afghan army dare go into the center of the city. The *mujahidin* control the old quarter, but sectarian fighting has made Herat unsafe for anyone. Understandably, travelers have scratched it from their itineraries. The owner of a handicraft shop, one of the few stores still open, said we were his first customers in a month. "What kind of life is it when you come to work and you don't know if you'll come home at night?" he asked.

Remarkably enough, there was an attempt to celebrate a holiday called Pashtunistan Day in Herat during our stay. In the past the occasion has called for parties, parades and dancing in the streets. This year in the desultory procession were a T-55 Afghan army tank, a number of military trucks carrying sullen soldiers, and a small band. The dispirited musicians played a couple of numbers, and a squad of soldiers in field boots galumphed through a dance. The whole affair was over in an hour. Only a handful of people watched.

A little while later the rat-a-tat of machine-gun fire could be heard in the distance, then the ka-boom of tank guns. The shooting continued sporadically through the afternoon and into the night. We slept fitfully and the next morning boarded the bus for the return journey to Kandahar. Not surprisingly, the bus was full. ■

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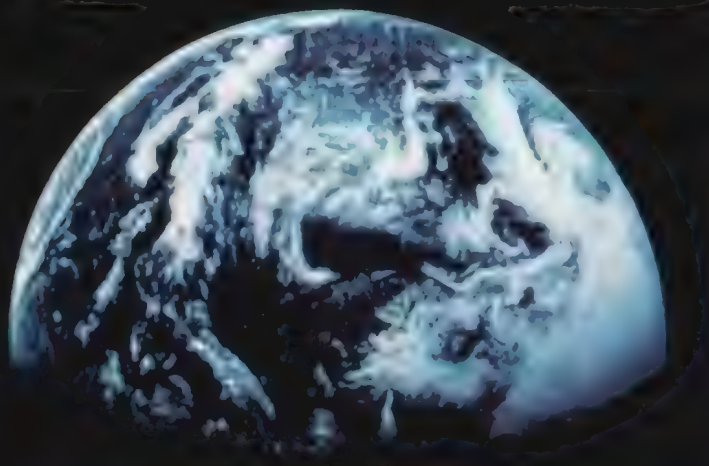

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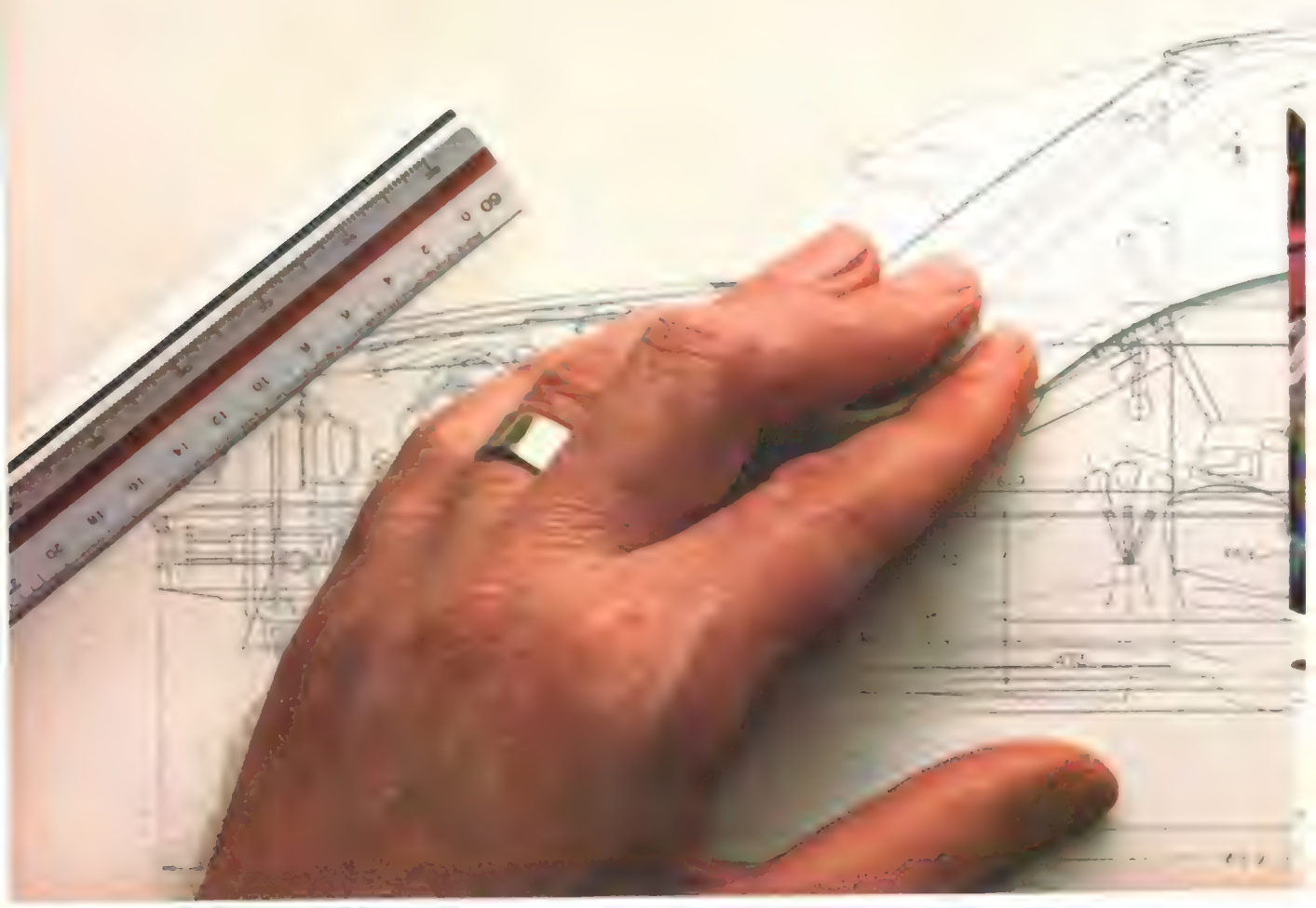

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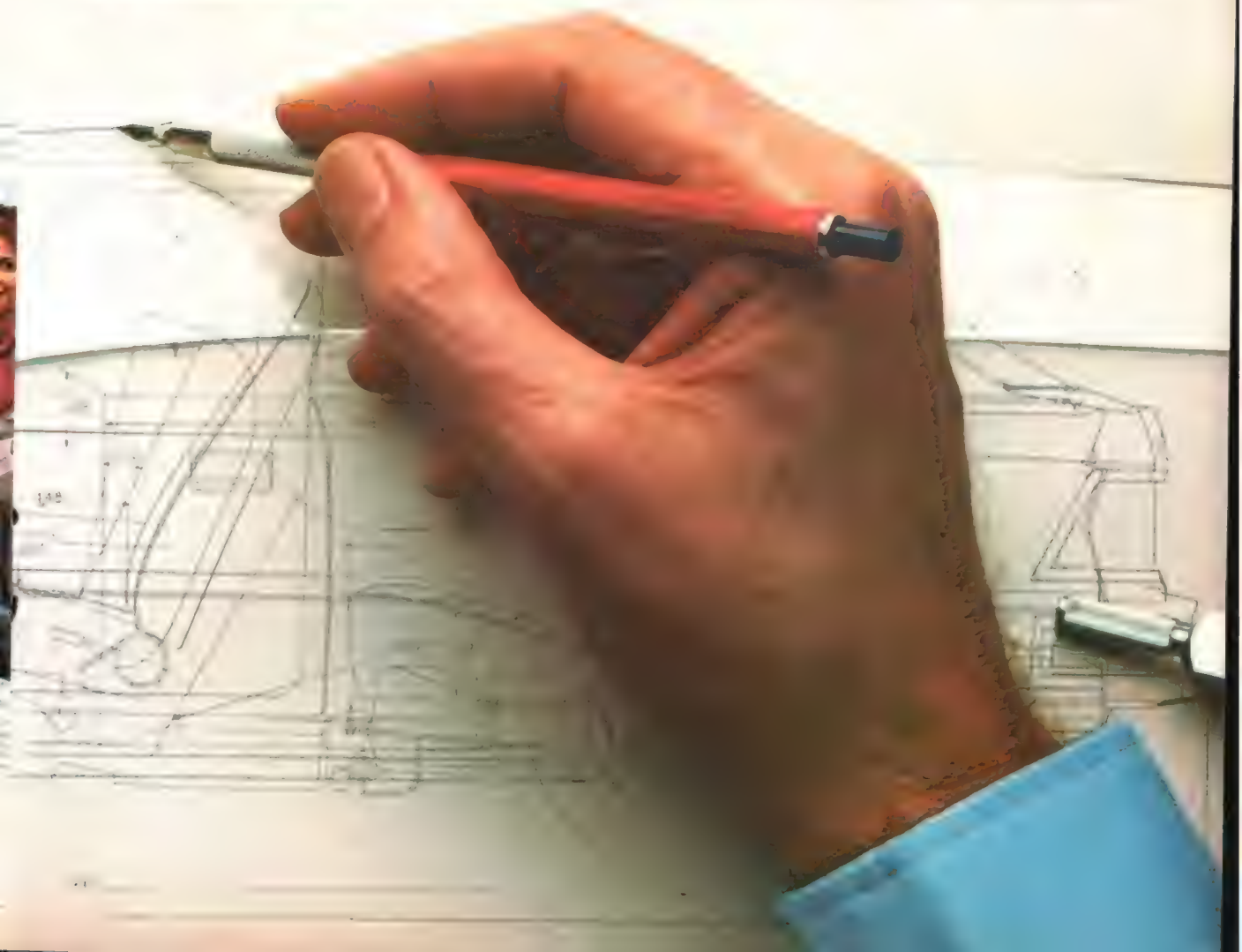

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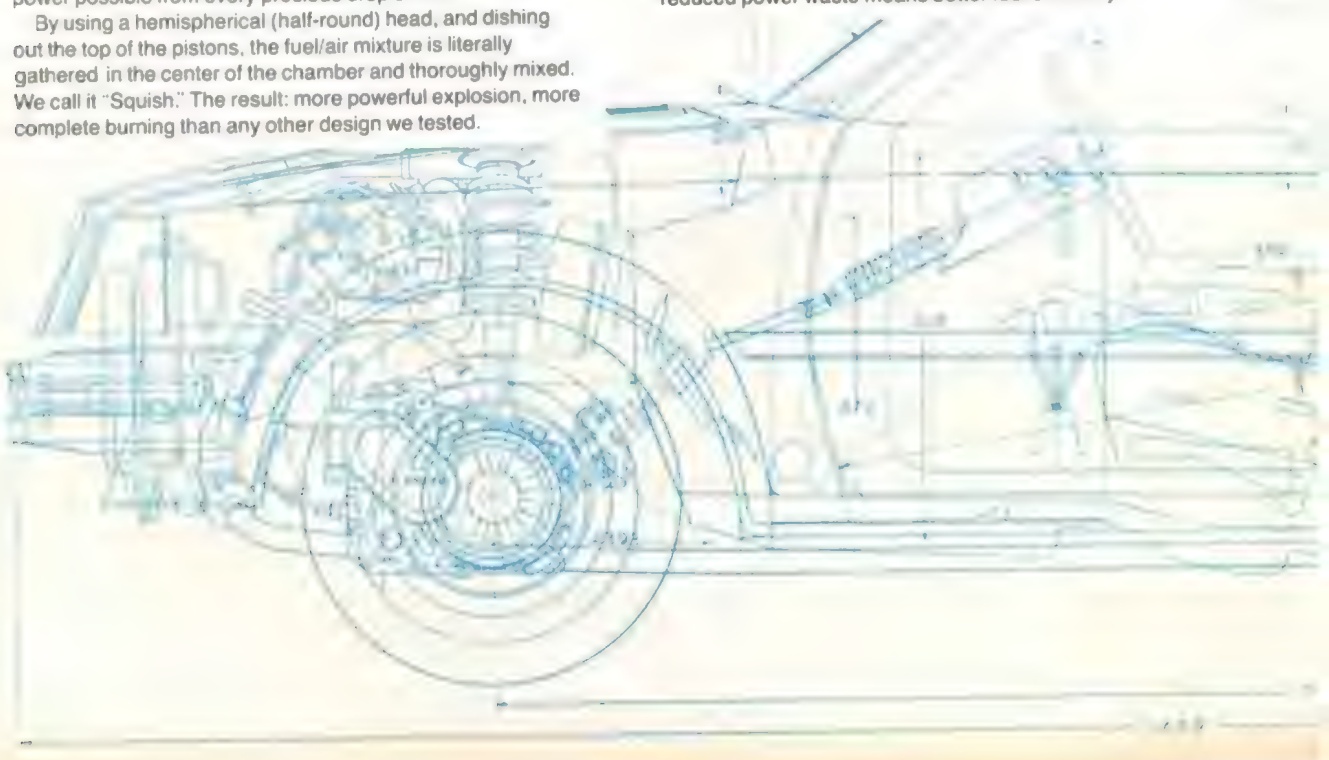

Pretend the passenger is an egg

If all your driving is on super highways, you may never be able to appreciate the sophisticated suspension system we built into these cars.

But on the tight turns of a winding road or in heavy city traffic you'll discover the difference. We believe it should delight you.

The Escort and Lynx come complete with front-wheel drive, for traction and control, rack and pinion steering for quick response and front disc brakes and radial tires.

What's really special is the suspension system. Fully independent suspension of all four wheels. No other American made car in its class has it.

Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features.

The Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx were designed with your concern for safety in mind. All Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features are standard.

On the outside, our cars are tough. With impact-resistant bumpers, safety-designed roof and front-end structure double-yoke door latches and hinges, and side impact beams in the doors.

Inside, they're generously padded. With energy-absorbing steering columns, steering wheels and yield-away mirrors.

In fact, there are so many Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features on the Escort and Lynx (including braking and illumination systems defensive drivers will appreciate) that we can't list them all here.

At the pump

We are very excited about the gas mileage these cars have attained in our tests. Our data, using Government testing procedures, indicate these cars should receive an EPA rating of at least 28 estimated MPG;* and a highway estimate of at least 43. This is a higher gas mileage estimate than any 1980 model car made in America, and should exceed any domestic 1981 model according to available information. Your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer will have the official EPA ratings when these cars are available for sale on October 3.

Our new 4-cylinder CVH (Compound Valve Hemi-Head) engine squeezes the most power possible from every precious drop of fuel.

Our low aerodynamic drag rating along with our use of lighter-weight, high-strength steel increases fuel efficiency.

And this World Class Technology will make itself felt where it counts most. At the pump.

*Remember. These numbers are for comparison. Your mileage may vary, depending on speed, trip length, and weather conditions. Highway mileage will probably be less and California ratings will be lower.

World Class Standard Equipment

Front-wheel drive. For traction on ice and snow.

Front stabilizer bar. For minimal sway when cornering.

Halogen quartz headlamps. For whiter, brighter light than conventional sealed beam headlamps.

New overhead-cam compound valve hemi-head engine, one of the most power-efficient engines for its size built in America.

Front disc brakes. For braking sureness.

Fully independent suspension on all four wheels. For smooth ride and handling. (No other American made car in its class has it.)

Self-adjusting clutch. For easy maintenance.

Rack and pinion steering system. For precise cornering.

Standard 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive 4th gear. For highway fuel economy. (Automatic transaxle is optional.)

Split-diagonal dual braking system. For braking confidence.

P-Metric steel-belted radial tires. For reduced rolling resistance.

High back, body contoured bucket seats. For the comfort of you and your passengers.

Fold-down rear seats. For extra cargo capacity.

Concealed luggage area. For security.

High strength steel in critical areas.

Full complement of Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features.

World Class cars at Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers on October 3rd

As you read this, the Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx are rolling off assembly lines right here in America.

Our Incredible World of Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers, over 6,000 strong, eagerly await an opportunity to demonstrate them for you.

Cars with a future

Serviceability was a prime consideration during the design and development of our new cars.

Low or no maintenance parts were used where possible.

"Lubed for life" wheel bearings.

A self-adjusting clutch.

Electronic ignition.

Self-adjusting hydraulic valve lifters.

10,000 miles between recommended oil changes.

All this is backed by Ford factory trained mechanics working with factory approved parts.

The result is more efficient service for you, and for us.

We think you will be pleasantly surprised when you see how little scheduled maintenance is required in your Escort or Lynx owners manual.

Less than $170 covers the cost of recommended scheduled maintenance for the first 50,000 miles*

Designed to keep your cost of driving down, scheduled maintenance and periodic servicing, as specified in the owners manual comes to less than $170 for the first 50,000 miles.*

*Based on actual 1980 and anticipated 1981 requirements (subject to EPA approval) 1981 suggested retail parts and prices, Ford Motor Company Warranty time standard, and an hourly labor rate of $26. Some areas will be higher, some will be lower. Excludes required 60,000-mile timing belt change.

Ford

Ford Escort

Mercury Lynx

CHINA

Deng's Reforms

Imposing a bit of capitalism

This week China's Senior Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping was expected to step down from his government post, along with Premier Hua Guofeng, in favor of a new team of trusted, younger technocrats. But first Deng saw to it that the National People's Congress, whose 3,500 delegates have been meeting in Peking for the past ten days, approved a parcel of new measures. Among the miscellany: the debut of the personal income tax* and a raise in the legal marriage age (20 for women, 22 for men). The important changes, however, were a series of economic reforms designed to carry out Deng's plan to revitalize the economy and raise the standard of living.

Some of the new schemes, providing for tax incentives, more autonomy for businesses and the like, sounded downright capitalistic. One of the most surprising revelations was the fact that the government had incurred a deficit last year of $11 billion. It went largely for higher wages, farm subsidies and other benefits to workers. Some $700 million alone was spent to compensate former officials who had been unjustly deprived of their jobs during the Cultural Revolution.

Other economic measures were aimed at creating more incentives and encouraging competition. Factories and businesses will pay taxes on their earnings rather than simply turn over their entire profits to the state as in the past. This means that they will be able to keep a share of the profits for reinvestment, housing for workers and higher salaries. Provincial and regional governments will also be responsible for their own fiscal affairs. If they take in more than other provinces or regions they will be allowed to keep proportionately more as well.

Some of the programs have already been tested successfully in Sichuan, the country's most populous province, under the governorship of Zhao Ziyang, 61, who is Deng's choice to replace Hua as Premier. In an interview with Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci, published in the Washington *Post* last week, Deng conceded that his program may well bring in "some decadent influences of capitalism, but I think that this is not so terrible." In any case, Deng added, "capitalism is superior to feudalism."

In discussing Mao Tse-tung, who has been downgraded since his death in 1976, Deng said that "we shall not do to Mao what Khrushchev did to Stalin." But Mao's "unhealthy thinking, ultra-leftist ideas, and patriarchal behavior" had led to the Cultural Revolution, "a civil war in which many people died." When Fallaci suggested that more people died under Stalin than during the Cultural Revolution, Deng responded: "I am not sure about that. Not sure at all."

The Vice Premier nonetheless defended China's support for the genocidal regime of Pol Pot in Cambodia and disparaged accounts that 1 million people had died under Pol Pot's rule. By its occupation of Laos and Cambodia, Viet Nam, he said, had become "the Cuba of the East." China's own attack against Viet Nam last year was not very successful, he noted, because many countries disapproved of it. But "we reserve our right to give them another lesson."

Deng's most trenchant comments were reserved for the "imperialist" Soviets, whose expansionism he said will lead to the Third World War. "The next ten years are very, very dangerous. They are frightful," he said. Talk of peace and détente, especially by Europeans, is comparable to the "appeasement of Chamberlain and Daladier toward Hitler." It serves only to make the Kremlin "more and more arrogant." Even the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, said Deng, was aimed indirectly at Europe. "Once the Soviets control the oil sources, what will Europe do? Get down on its knees and accept Finlandization or fight? Choosing now means to place the frontline in Afghanistan and Cambodia. In fact, these are the two places where we must try very hard to tie down the Soviet Union for several years. If we do so, the war is postponed." And where will the Soviets strike next? asked Fallaci. "The next target," said Deng, "can only be Iran or Pakistan." ■

Deng Xiaoping in a loquacious mood

Capitalism is superior to feudalism.

*Applicable mostly to foreign residents, because only about 20 Chinese have a monthly income exceeding the new tax base of 800 yuan ($545). China's average monthly salary is 60 to 80 yuan ($41 to $54).

NICARAGUA

Null Ballot

Democracy delayed until 1985

Ever since the overthrow of Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle in July 1979, the Sandinista revolutionary government that succeeded him has been careful to temper its radical rhetoric with some solid accomplishments. Its most admired effort, for example, has been an exhaustive teaching campaign that the government claims has reduced the country's illiteracy from 50% to only about 12%. Of late, however, there have been signs that the Sandinistas are not moving as swiftly toward full democracy as their Western friends might wish. Now, in their most disappointing move to date, the Sandinistas have confirmed that there will be no elections in Nicaragua before 1985.

The first clear indication of the government's moratorium on elections came late last month in a speech by Humberto Ortega Saavedra, 34, the Defense Minister. On the same platform was the visiting President of Costa Rica, Rodrigo Carazo Odio, who had made a strong plea, as advice from a neighbor, for early elections. But when it came his turn to speak, Ortega announced that elections would not be held until 1985. "The economic and moral destruction of the country is of such magnitude that it cannot be rebuilt before 1985," he said, by way of explanation, and so "the junta will have to go on governing" until that time.

The decision, which became official a week later with a vote of the 47-member Council of State, underscored the differences and distrust that separate the government from the opposition political parties. Many of the Sandinista leaders, who enjoy the support of a majority of the Nicaraguan people, are openly scornful of the kind of rigged balloting that characterized the Somoza era. More important, the leadership remembers how the three main Sandinista factions did not join forces until the later days of the anti-Somoza struggle and is fearful that elections could destroy their new-found unity. On the other hand, the opposition groups, as well as the business community, seek assurances that Nicaraguan society will remain democratic and pluralistic.

The Sandinistas' decision to postpone elections will not make it any easier for the Carter Administration to give final approval to a $75 million loan to Nicaragua. Before signing the loan bill, President Carter is obliged to certify to the U.S. Congress that Nicaragua is not violating any of the democratic provisions specified by the bill. The chances are that Carter will put off signing the bill until after the November elections. To sign it now might give the Republicans a campaign issue that the President scarcely needs. ■

LIBERIA

Working to Restore Confidence

And preparing an economic shock treatment

It has been nearly five months since 17 Liberian soldiers burst into Monrovia's executive mansion and assassinated President William R. Tolbert Jr. That bloody coup abruptly ended more than a century of rule by descendants of the freed American slaves who founded the country in 1847. The seizure of power was shortly followed by gory public executions of 13 former officials and associates of the slain President. The new head of state, Master Sergeant Samuel K. Doe, 28, has since faced a host of problems as head of the 28-member People's Redemption Council (P.R.C.). But there are signs that the new regime may be getting organized, as TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White discovered on a return visit to the Liberian capital:

Master Sergeant Doe (left) with Tanzanian Vice President Aboud Jumbe in Dar-es-Salaam

A warning to colleagues: "If you get caught—hey, you might not live to tell the story."

"There was a lot of sympathy outside Liberia for change," says a civilian member of the new government. "But we destroyed most of it with the executions." Indeed, the brutal seaside killings made Liberia a pariah to its African neighbors. Doe was barred from attending a summit of the Economic Community of West African States in Togo last May. He subsequently refused to attend the July meeting of the Organization of African Unity in Sierra Leone after rejecting the precondition set by some of the O.A.U.'s most influential members: the immediate release of the late President's son, A.B. Tolbert, who had been snatched from asylum in Monrovia's French embassy by a gang of unruly soldiers. The embassy invasion touched off an angry row with Paris, one of Liberia's major European aid donors.

Since then, the badly shaken new rulers of Liberia have worked hard to restore the confidence of foreign governments and investors. Doe made a two-day visit to Tanzania and a four-day tour of Ethiopia as part of a fence-mending campaign among his African neighbors. He has pledged that there will be no more executions of political figures associated with the old regime. The widow of the President, Victoria Tolbert, was released from house arrest, and 38 political prisoners who had been rounded up during the early days of the revolution were freed. Conditions have improved for the 140 prisoners who remain in the stockade at Monrovia's Barclay Training Center. But Tolbert's son is still behind bars.

There has been less progress on the economic front. The P.R.C. inherited a country on the verge of bankruptcy. Says a U.S. banker in Monrovia: "If this were a company, Liberia would be in liquidation." Only $5 million was left in the national bank—not enough to cover Liberia's immediate debt payments. The country faced abnormally high costs for imports that had been negotiated by the Tolbert government. The council broke some of these contracts, but has failed to renegotiate a long-term oil-shipment deal that costs the nation 30% more than the current going rate. The country's foreign-dominated retail trade, meanwhile, has been crippled by a flight of capital and a severe credit shortage.

Harsh economic realities have forced the government to back off from some of its grandiose early promises. Though the pay of army privates has been tripled, to $250 a month, only the lowest-paid government employees have received raises. The price of rice remains high at $22 for a 110-lb. bag, exactly what it was under Tolbert. To rebuild the confidence of foreign investors, Liberia's new rulers have accepted stringent economic measures laid down by the International Monetary Fund in exchange for $85 million in credit. In particular, public spending will be drastically cut to reduce a $20 million-a-month deficit.

These sensible steps, however, are being undermined by the quixotic behavior of some of the council's more impulsive members. The soldier who executed Tolbert, Harrison T. Pennue, marched into Monrovia's John F. Kennedy Memorial Medical Center shortly after the coup and pistol-whipped a doctor in the middle of an operation. Pennue was subsequently imprisoned for a week and demoted to "co-member" of the council. In July, P.R.C. Co-Chairman Thomas Weh Syen went on a rampage in eastern Liberia, demolishing a century-old monument to the country's founders and ordering the discharge of hundreds of government employees. Doe—who has kept his master sergeant stripes—dispatched his commanding general to collar Weh Syen. Doe, a member of the Krahn tribe, then toured the eastern provinces and personally assured the people that he would severely punish any other wayward council members. Doe's blunt warning to his colleagues: "If you get caught—hey, you might not live to tell the story."

Modestly spurning the trappings of power, Doe has stopped using Tolbert's presidential Mercedes-Benz limousine except for rare ceremonial occasions. Instead, he drives around town in a Chevrolet Chevette, sometimes heading out alone for late-night excursions. Doe is said to be wearying of the demands of political office. "If it were up to him, the soldiers would be back in the barracks by Christmas," says a friend.

That is unlikely to happen. Erratic as it has been at times, the new government enjoys wide support among those who feel that only decisive military rule can get Liberia out of its rut. Says James Tarpah, vice president of the University of Liberia: "The issue is not whether they go back to the barracks, but whether they can provide the leadership for much-needed change. That is a shock treatment that may be easier to accomplish by decree than by voting." It seems for now a sentiment that most Liberians endorse. ■

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This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

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T. M. McAuliffe

Environmental activist Tom McAuliffe:

"When it comes to cleaning air, I'll match this Bethlehem 'dust catcher' against any in the steel industry."

Tom McAuliffe, a combustion engineer at Bethlehem's Steelton, Pa., plant, "just grew" into his environmentalist role...as did many of the thousand other people whose jobs keep them active in Bethlehem Steel's environmental control program.

As Tom explains it: "The fuel department has always been involved with water mains and air ducts. So it was only natural for our department to take over the plant's efforts to control air and water pollution.

"Back in the sixties, the plant changed over to electric furnaces and immediately installed its first baghouse. That $2½ million system still collects about 85 percent of the emissions generated by the steelmaking operation."

Baghouses operate like giant vacuum cleaners. Huge fans pull the dust-laden air through filter bags. The 5,000 bags hanging in No. 2 baghouse, each a foot in diameter and 33 feet long, filter 1,600,000 cubic feet of air every minute. The bags are shaken periodically, causing the particles trapped in the bags to fall into bins. The particles are then collected, pelletized, and disposed of on a plant-site landfill.

But in the early seventies, the EPA came up with tougher clean-air targets. And that's when Tom "really got involved."

"From day one," he remembers, "I lived with the No. 2 baghouse project. I was involved in everything...design, engineering, construction, start-up, everything. We built it 'top of the line,' and it shows.

"The original baghouse collects the particles in the air that's pulled out of the furnaces. What it doesn't get are the particles that escape when the furnace cover is off, or that leak out through the cover from the spaces around the electrodes. That's the job of baghouse No. 2. When those particles rise with the hot air to the peak of the roof, they're drawn into No. 2 baghouse where they're filtered out of the air and collected.

Five times as much money (and a lot more energy) to collect one-sixth as much dust

"No. 2 baghouse cost about five times what No. 1 cost—$13 million versus $2½ million. It's six times larger and pulls six times more air through its bags every minute. But in all that air there's only one-sixth the amount of dust that's in the air cleaned by No. 1.

"Both baghouses run all the time the furnaces are working and together pick up better than 98 percent of the emissions."

Bethlehem's commitment: to do what is necessary to protect public health

Tremendous improvements have already been made in the environmental area, but at tremendous cost At Bethlehem, for example, we've already spent $700 million for pollution control equipment at our various operations.

We're committed to continue with programs that will control approximately 95 percent of our pollutant emissions and discharges. But we also believe there's a limit. To require industry *to remove the last traces of pollution*, to "purify" the air and water beyond what is necessary to protect public health, does not make good economic or energy sense.

Our position is clearly explained in our booklet *Steelmaking and the Environment*, which includes our *Statement on Environmental Quality Control*. If you would like a copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., 476 Martin Tower, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem

SONY

Look at television the way we do.

Television at its best should lift you out of everyday circumstance and reward you with experiences of extraordinary beauty and power.

Like any art form.

With that in mind Sony invented Trinitron, the patented one-gun, one-lens color system, to provide what we believe to be the most beautiful electronic image ever created.

Imagine how our engineers felt when Trinitron won an Emmy Award.

Every inch a Trinitron.

That beautiful Trinitron picture comes in the widest range of screen sizes available from any manufacturer, including the world's smallest color television screen (3.7" measured diagonally) and the largest available in the U.S. (26" measured diagonally).

To arrive at your channel faster, take the express.

Every Trinitron includes electronic tuning. Most are available with Sony's little masterpiece, Express Tuning: one touch and you switch instantly to the channel you select, skipping the ones in between.

The reliable remote that does it all.

If you want remote control, you'll find that Sony offers it with more different screen sizes than anyone. And with many of our Express Commander remote control units you can now do everything: select your channel, raise and lower the sound level, even adjust picture contrast.

In the art of the chassis, less is more.

Sony's new Alpha I Chassis contains far fewer parts than most color televisions, so it runs cooler, consumes far less energy, and should give you many more years of great performance.

The work of art.

Like most creative artists, the Sony engineers who developed Trinitron are constantly trying to do even better: to provide the finest color picture and sound, make tuning easier, and give you a television that's beautiful to look at even when it's off.

See their art working. Experience the art of television at its best: Trinitron, the one television that is itself a work of art.

SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY

Model shown: KV-1945K

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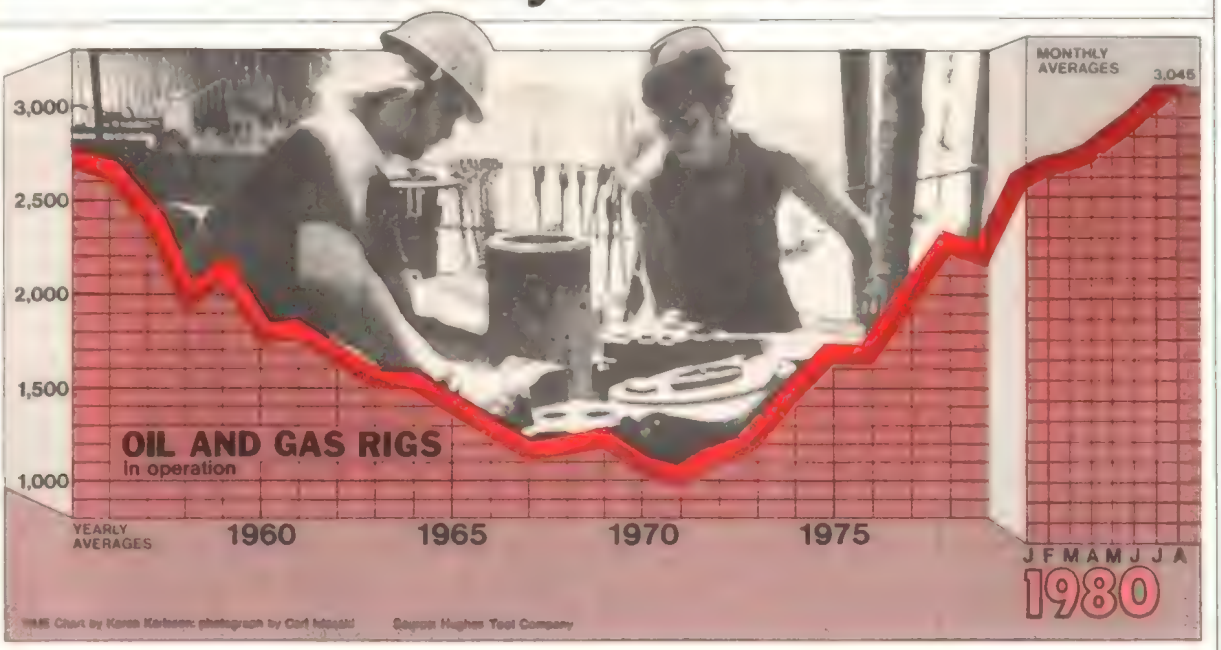

Booming Times for Drillers

A rush to dig for energy after oil and gas prices are deregulated

Giant semi-trailer trucks groaning under loads of heavy oil-drilling equipment churn up dust on the dirt roads of Evanston, Wyo. On the high buttes surrounding the town, tall trapezoidal rigs often push drilling bits 15,000 ft. and more into the earth in search of oil and natural gas. More than 100 wells are already in operation in the area, some of them pumping oil from directly beneath Main Street.

Scenes similar to the one in Evanston are now being played out in such other Wyoming towns as Rock Springs, Green River and Baggs, as the U.S. heads toward the greatest drilling surge in its history. During the first six months of this year, 34.9% more oil wells were completed than in the same period of 1979. Some 3,000 drilling rigs are in operation, the most in 25 years. The *Oil & Gas Journal* predicts that U.S. drillers will complete 59,107 wells this year, surpassing the old record of 58,160 that was set in 1956.

The search for more domestic energy comes at a time when Saudi Arabia, the U.S.'s principal foreign supplier of crude, is once again showing its clout in world oil. That country last week paid an estimated $2 billion to buy the remaining 40% of Aramco, which produces the bulk of Saudi oil, from a consortium of four American oil producers, Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Standard Oil of California. Americans will continue working for Aramco, but only in technical and managerial roles. The kingdom's Oil Minister, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, is also reported to have told British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington that Saudi Arabia would soon reduce oil production. Although Yamani did not specify the amount of the cutback, he has previously indicated it might be from the current 9.5 million bbl. per day to 8.5 million bbl. per day. For about a year, the Saudis have kept their petroleum output high in an attempt to hold down world energy prices. So far, their efforts have been successful; world crude inventories are at record levels. Any Saudi cutback would likely mean some tightening of world oil supplies and somewhat higher prices for gasoline and heating oil.

The drilling boom in the U.S. is yet another demonstration of an old economic law: when prices rise, producers will attempt to increase their output. In 1978 Congress began phasing out price controls on natural gas, and in 1979 the Government started a gradual decontrol of crude-oil prices. The cost of oil and gas immediately increased, but the initial production results are impressive. U.S. oil output will rise by 2% this year, from 8.5 million bbl. per day to 8.7 million bbl.—marking only the third increase in a decade. The additions to natural-gas reserves grew by 35% last year, the largest jump in twelve years.

Some drillers, however, are playing it conservatively by erecting rigs in areas of known oil and gas availability rather than "wildcatting" in new regions. They have found that profits are the same and success more certain with "in fill" wells, which are drilled between existing pumps, or smaller "stripper wells," which produce 10 bbl. or less per day. Explains Charles DiBona, president of the American Petroleum Institute: "A well that might have been abandoned before, because there was not enough oil to make it commercial, now will be completed because of the higher price."

One of the richest and relatively undeveloped new regions being explored is the Western Overthrust Belt, a geological formation of petroleum- and gas-bearing rock running from Canada to Mexico. Other new drilling in the mainland U.S. is under way in the Tuscaloosa Trend of Louisiana, the Permian Basin of West Texas, the Williston Basin of North and South Dakota and Montana, and offshore in the Gulf of Mexico.

In areas of wildcat exploration, rigs are in many cases going deeper and becoming more expensive. Probing for gas deposits, which are usually found beneath oil strata, is particularly costly. Exxon this year spent about $42 million drilling a gas well in Mississippi that was 23,154 ft.

deep. The results from wildcat wells, though, no longer match those enjoyed in the halcyon days of great American oil discoveries. The output of oil, or an equivalent amount of gas, discovered in new wildcats has declined from more than 350 bbl. per ft. of drilling in the late 1940s to less than 50 bbl. per ft. today. Says John D. Haun, petroleum geologist at the Colorado School of Mines: "We will have to drill many more wildcat wells to come close to finding as much oil as we found in the last decade."

Energy drilling during the past 20 years has been strongly affected by Government price controls and the availability of cheap oil from abroad. The number of rigs in operation peaked in December 1955 at 3,137. But then large oil finds overseas, especially in the Middle East, and price restrictions in the U.S. discouraged domestic drilling.

Natural gas is a prime example of federal regulation run amuck. During the 1960s and early '70s the Government limited the average wellhead price producers received for gas sold between states to below 20¢ per 1,000 cu. ft. At the same time, gas within producing states, where there were no price controls, was sometimes sold for more than $2. As a result, producing states enjoyed a surplus of gas, while the rest of the U.S. was beginning to suffer shortages. Few drillers were bothering to explore for gas that could be sold between states. The Natural Gas Policy Act of 1978 lifted the restrictions on interstate commerce and offered producers a premium price for gas found at 15,000 ft. or below. Today the product is plentiful, but by 1979 the average wellhead price had risen to $1.14 per 1,000 cu. ft.

Although price controls are coming off, production is often limited by shortages of experienced workers and supplies. Houston newspapers are filled with ads for oilfield jobs like "geophysical technicians" and "mudloggers," the experts who study rock chips from the bottom of wells for signs of oil or gas deposits. Pay scales are also shooting up as high as the rigs. Roustabouts, the all-purpose handymen in oilfields, earn $1,300 a week in some Rocky Mountain boomtowns.

Equipment is likewise in short supply. Oil Industries Manufacturing and Engineering Inc. in Odessa, Texas, is currently building four new drilling rigs. But they cannot be delivered before September 1981. Says John M. Ouzts, executive vice president of Denver's Hamilton Bros. Petroleum Corp.: "We would drill in the Gulf of Mexico, if equipment were available. Rigs are tight, pipe is in short supply, and personnel are difficult to come by."

Is there a new giant energy field somewhere in the U.S. that might eliminate American dependence on foreign oil? Experts doubt it. But new discoveries could help reduce the nation's overall reliance on foreign energy. Natural gas discoveries probably offer the greatest potential. American gas reserves now total about 195 trillion cu. ft., and geologists predict that another 1,000 trillion are still undiscovered. Says Donald B. Basko, director of the Wyoming Oil and Gas Conservation Commission: "There's been an awful lot of gas discovered in our state in the last couple of years, and most of that has come from new fields or fields where heretofore it was not economically attractive to drill into them."

The outlook for large new oil discoveries outside Alaska is far less encouraging, because oilmen have thoroughly explored most of the U.S. mainland. The oil industry, though, claims that it could find much more oil if the Federal Government would open millions of acres of publicly owned property in Alaska and offshore that are now out-of-bounds for exploration. The API's DiBona says: "We think that there are enough reserves to produce at today's levels for 40 years. But production will be a lot less than it is today if we can't get access to public lands." A top Department of Energy official admits that "the single most important factor in finding new oil reserves is opening up unexplored territory." Thus far, the Carter Administration has accepted arguments from environmentalists that even testing the public land for deposits would upset a region's ecological balance.

Despite the new drilling bonanza, the U.S. continues to use up its oil and gas reserves faster than it is finding new ones. For every 3 bbl. of new oil that were found last year, producers pumped 4 bbl. out of the ground. The gas picture is similar. New discoveries totaled 14.3 trillion cu. ft., but production was 19.9 trillion. And even though decontrol has resulted in more domestic oil and gas, it will not lessen the need to search for alternative energy sources. *—By Alexander Taylor. Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Houston*

Texas-Size Tax Dodges

Several Texas oil companies may have discovered a clever new way of saving millions of dollars in taxes on their gushers. The scheme involves transferring the ownership of old oil and gas wells to trusts that are held directly by the company's shareholders rather than by the firm itself. The advantage of the transfer is that company profits are normally taxed twice: first as earnings of the firm and then as dividends to individual shareholders. But payouts from trust funds are taxed only as personal income to the recipients, thus eliminating any corporate levy.

Mesa Petroleum of Amarillo last year put 55% of its $1.1 billion worth of oil and gas wells into a trust. Wall Street's response was sharp; in less than two months the stock shot up from $40 to $66. Some brokers had hitherto respected Mesa as a well-run company, but felt that it had too many large tracts of older wells. Aggressive investors usually look for small firms with assets concentrated in new drilling fields. By unloading its aging wells, Mesa transformed its image to that of a lean and hungry company oriented toward exploration.

KATZ—BLACK STAR

Mesa Chairman Boone Pickens

Mastermind of the tax tactic is Mesa Chairman T. Boone Pickens Jr., 52, who majored in geology at Oklahoma State and started his own oil-producing firm in 1954 on a shoestring investment of $2,500. He has built Mesa into a company with 1979 revenues of $270 million and has amassed a personal fortune of more than $70 million. The biggest beneficiary from tax breaks on Mesa's trust fund will be Pickens. He owns 500,000 shares worth $20.5 million.

Other imitators of Mesa have already appeared. Southland Royalty of Fort Worth will soon put 50% of its $3 billion in oil and gas holdings into trust. Within a week after that announcement was made, Southland's stock rose 46%, to $102. In a variant of Pickens' idea, Houston Oil & Minerals set up a trust combining older wells and an interest in 40 major prospects, mostly in the Gulf of Mexico. Instead of giving the shares to its stockholders, however, Houston Oil & Minerals sold them on the open market. The firm thereby raised $60 million, which it used to wipe out some of its long-term debt.

Oil analysts believe that several other companies, including General American Oil of Texas and Marathon Oil of Ohio, are likely to follow the Mesa or Houston examples. As the exploration boom heats up, many firms may be anxious to jettison old wells and concentrate on wild-cat drilling. One uncertainty about the trusts: the Internal Revenue Service has yet to rule on the tax benefits that they shower on shareholders. Until then, Texas tycoons will continue drilling through this large loophole.

Organized Labor's New Recruits

White collars start to join the blue ones in union ranks

"All my life I've been antiunion. I always felt professionals could look after themselves. But with today's economic and social problems, organizing is the best way to protect what we have." So says Joe Williford, 43, a senior contract administrator with the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA). Williford became a union man this summer after MARTA asked its employees to surrender part of their scheduled cost-of-living raises because a delay in fare increases had led to a budget squeeze. Bus drivers and clerical workers, who are represented by the Amalgamated Transit Union, bluntly refused a pay cut. The professional employees, though, had no choice. When they looked at their paychecks in July, they found only 3.5% of an expected 13% inflation cushion. In less than a month half of the 440 professionals had signed cards calling for a union election. The professional workers will probably vote in October on whether or not to have their own union.

White collar unions are not a new phenomenon. The American Federation of Teachers is 64 years old, and the Newspaper Guild was founded in 1933. But office workers have usually thought of themselves as "employees with a difference," says Simon Alpert of the United Auto Workers. They feel closer to management than to hourly production workers.

Now, that psychology is changing. As inflation reduces real incomes and recession erodes job security, office employees are starting to look for a union label. Says Teamster Organizer Regina Polk: "The white collar worker is coming around to realizing that while he is enjoying titles and so-called professionalism, the guy in the warehouse is earning more."

For years, most of the unions belonging to the AFL-CIO regarded white collar people as marginal sources of new members. But labor leaders recognize that this group is the fastest growing segment in society. Between 1970 and 1980, the number of white collar employees increased by 12.5 million, to 50.5 million workers, while blue collar laborers grew by only 2.7 million, to 30.5 million. Says William Taylor, an official of the Office and Professional Employees International Union (OPEIU): "Everyone sees the future of the trade union movement in white collar workers."

Office and professional workers join in a noontime rally at Federal Hall on Wall Street

"With today's economic problems, organizing is the best way to protect what we have."

Unions are now aggressively going after office workers. The OPEIU is mounting a major drive to organize 3,100 engineers, computer programmers and draftsmen at Lockheed's huge Marietta, Ga., aircraft plant; it is also lining up 5,000 employees nationwide at Government Employees Insurance Co. The 1.2 million-member American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) is the most aggressive recruiter in the AFL-CIO. One of AFSCME's newest targets: engineers and programmers in Boston's booming high-technology firms. Meanwhile, the Teamsters won an election last October to represent 2,000 members of the University of Chicago's non-teaching staff. In quest of new members, the industrial unions are straying from their traditional turf, and this poaching is sparking resentment among the clerical unions. Says an angry OPEIU official: "I wish the Teamsters would get the hell out of here."

In addition, new groups are being formed to organize office employees. Working Women, a Cleveland-based national organization, now has 10,000 clerical workers as members. One of its affiliates in Boston, called simply 9 to 5, has become a clearinghouse and defense group for about 1,000 employees with complaints concerning wage scales, job advancement or age discrimination.

Trying to organize clerical and professional workers involves some difficult adjustments for labor leaders. One of them is dispelling the image that many women have of unions as exclusively and aggressively male dominated. Last month the AFL-CIO elected the first woman to its governing executive council; she is Joyce Miller, a vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers.

Another problem is that office employees are usually found in small groups all across the nation. This has, for example, stymied efforts by the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks (BRAC) to represent clerical workers at such airlines as Eastern, TWA and United. "There must be 100,000 of them," says Union Executive Jim Kennedy. "You have to organize the entire airline at once, even though the people are spread all over the country."

For some office workers, unions have a ring around the blue collar. Says Frank Matthews, who helped form the Professional and Technical Employees Association at Lockheed's Georgia plant: "We'd like to stay away from what you might normally think about a union—sticks and clubs and walking the picket line." And traditional organizing techniques often reinforce this picture. Although organizers no longer fit what BRAC President Fred Kroll describes as the "beer belly, T shirt and tattoo" mold, many are still not prepared to talk to an office where there are many middle-aged women.

Labor leaders, however, are willing to learn new techniques because those millions of workers offer a tempting pool. The OPEIU, for example, gives its locals far more autonomy in setting dues and initiation fees than do most unions. It also allows organizations like the Professional and Technical Association to retain their group names instead of becoming Local 400 of the OPEIU. This is an important concession to office workers who often shudder at the term union. Concludes Karen Nussbaum, president of Working Women: "The '80s will be for clerical workers what the '30s were for industrial workers." ■

Queen of Styles

Bendel's lady is a champ

The fashionably dressed owner of Manhattan's most chic West 57th St. emporium arrives late to most appointments, except the Wednesday-afternoon staff meetings in her elegantly spacious office. Gathered around her burnished Louis XV desk, some 20 directors and buyers bring forward the trendy products that they have scouted out from as far away as mountain villages in southern Italy or as near as a young designer's SoHo loft: cardigans in this fall's newest colors (baby pastels), *crêpe de Chine* jumpsuits by Stephen Burrows, $85 knit caps from Paris. The show-and-tell sessions can last for three hours. Then, with her merchant's instinct, Geraldine (Gerry) Stutz, 56, grandly decides which products Henri Bendel will carry.

After 23 years as Bendel's president, Stutz bought the store in July. Today, she says, like a child who has just inherited a candy shop: "I'm doing just what I have always done here, only now I'm doing it for me."

By 1957 the millinery store that Henri Bendel started in 1890 had fallen out of step with fast-changing fashions. It was on the "wrong" side of Fifth Avenue and was losing a staggering $1.5 million a year on sales of $3 million. W. Maxey Jarman, then chairman of Genesco, Inc., a Nashville-based apparel conglomerate, snapped up the indebted store and turned it over to an unlikely boss: Geraldine Stutz, a onetime model and shoe editor at *Glamour*, who had successfully run the advertising for Genesco's I. Miller shoe stores. After reluctantly deciding to accept the job, Stutz swept through Bendel like a fall hurricane tearing through the Caribbean. Says a former employee: "It was 24 hours a day, and she has a temper."

RALPH MOSSE

Geraldine Stutz in her own candy store

From a bowling alley to the street of shops.

Declaring that the store looked "like a bowling alley," Stutz started an expensive renovation. The result, she boasts: "The beginning of boutiques." Rows of tiny shops, scarcely bigger than Victorian dressing cupboards, were set up on the main floor. The street of shops became Bendel's fame and still provides one-third of the earnings of the whole store. The basic design has not changed in 21 years. "I keep thinking that one day it will look old-fashioned and passé," says Stutz, "but it doesn't." Customers there receive close but not suffocating attention from modish salespeople as they buy pheasant feather necklaces for $270 or silvery snakeskin-covered appointment books for $150. Actress Cicely Tyson, a regular customer, reportedly buys all her furs from Bendel's second-floor salon; and two years ago, former Beatle John Lennon grabbed up $10,000 worth of Christmas goodies for friends at the store's E.A.T. delicacy shop.

On Bendel's upper four floors, Stutz in the early 1960s began selling the latest creations of young, and then unknown, designers such as Jean Muir, Sonia Rykiel and later, Mary McFadden. Then, in a move that shocked other retailers, she instructed them to design clothes that would fit only the slender. Bendel catered to women almost as thin as fashion models with dress sizes that ranged from 2 to 10. Instead of driving away business, the move gave the store a certain cachet. In 1979 Bendel earned $1.4 million on $15 million in sales.

Three years ago, Genesco's new chairman, John Hanigan, began shifting company strategy away from women's fashion and back to shoes and men's wear. Recalls Stutz's friend and *Vogue* Consulting Editor Diana Vreeland: "Gerry had her eye on buying the store for years." When she saw the conglomerate's new policy, Stutz asked Hanigan if he would give her first refusal on Bendel. After some scurrying to find an international group of Swiss-based financiers, Stutz was able to beat the best offer that Genesco had received.

Stutz is planning to take some of the Bendel magic to other cities. Within a year or so, the intimate and elegant first-floor street of shops will start being copied in new stores in Los Angeles, Houston, Dallas and other high-income cities with high-fashion aspirants. Says she, confidently: "Our merchandise is absolutely suited for those places. We have a stocking department that does $500,000 a year in business because we have hosiery in a dozen colors that nobody else has."

All the new Bendel stores will stock only the products that win Stutz's approval at those Wednesday-afternoon fashion forums. Once a curious customer asked why Bendel had suddenly started carrying house plants. Replied a saleswoman without a moment's hesitation: "Because Gerry is interested in plants." At Bendel, that is enough. ■

ICELANDAIR

A Lost Pioneer

Black clouds for Icelandair

In the days before Freddie Laker and price warfare brought down the cost of air travel across the Atlantic, tiny Icelandic Airlines was the favorite of backpacking students and budget-minded businessmen. Americans going to Europe did not mind if flights often had long layovers at the windswept airport in Reykjavik, Iceland, or if they landed only in backwater Luxembourg. Since Icelandic was not a member of the fare-setting International Air Transport Association, the "hippie airline," as it was nicknamed, hopped the Atlantic for as much as $153 less than major carriers.

In the '50s and early '60s, the airline's piston-powered DC4s and DC-6Bs were usually packed with Americans doing Europe on $5 a day. Business continued to boom after the line switched to nonstop jet service, which was still at cut rates. In 1977 Icelandic carried 240,000 passengers. But then came Freddie Laker's Skytrain flights and subsequent price slashing by the major airlines. Budget flyers could now skip both Reykjavik and Luxembourg and still save money. After losses of $15 million last year, Icelandair, its official name since 1979, slashed the number of transatlantic flights from 23 to 2 per week and laid off 900 of its 1,700 employees. Though it will continue European and domestic flights with a new Boeing 727 and four F-27 Friendships, Icelandair will abandon all but a token run over the North Atlantic. Says Sigurdur Helgason, Icelandair's chief executive officer: "North Atlantic competition is operating under the law of the jungle."

The Lilliputian line has been hurt by other problems as well. Last year Icelandair's single DC-10 was grounded for 37 days following the crash of an American Airlines DC-10 in Chicago. The airline has also been troubled by a large number of no-show passengers, who had booked with it as a backstop in case they could not get stand-by seats on a major carrier.

Earlier this year Iceland's government gave the company a $5 million loan in the hope that the vacation season would get Icelandair aloft again. But the tourists did not return. The company also attempted a merger with Luxair, Luxembourg's airline. That also failed to take off. Now Icelandair is negotiating to sell its elderly Boeing 727s to Yugoslavia, and it has leased its DC-10 to Air Florida. Like the flower children it once served, Icelandair is left mostly with memories. ■

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"Puerto Rican white rum can do anything better than gin or vodka."

"Our Puerto Rican rum has started a new trend in Bloody Marys."

Betsy González, fashion designer, with her brother and partner, Ausbert González

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The Prophet Of Profits

Joe Granville moves markets

The Dow Jones industrial average rose another 8 points last week, continuing its four-month bull market. A Wall Street rally had been anticipated earlier this year, but no one could be certain when the upturn would begin. Investors have thus increasingly turned to popular stock market newsletters that tell them which stocks to buy and when. The hottest tip sheet of them all is the *Granville Market Letter*, published in Holly Hill, Fla., by Joseph E. Granville, 57, a controversial market theorist who has combined a good record for calling major stock moves during the past six years with a Barnum-like flair for self-promotion. Some 11,000 subscribers pay $250 a year to read Granville's market wisdom.

When Joe Granville talks about the market, lots of people listen. Wall Street sages credit him with whipping the Dow singlehanded into the 31-point stampede on April 22 that started the current bullish mood. A day earlier, the 1,500 subscribers who paid an extra $500 a year for Granville's special early warning service received telephone calls predicting a sudden rally. When word hit New York that the high priest of Holly Hill was telling people to buy, money professionals jumped into the market in anticipation. Crows Granville: "I don't think that I will ever make a serious mistake on the stock market for the rest of my life."

THE
GRANVILLE
MARKET LETTER

Granville began tinkering with investment studies during World War II, when he battled boredom while stationed in the Marshall Islands by writing two books on stamp investments. He had started collecting stamps at the age of six, and later published a philatelic market letter that lasted for seven years.

In 1957 Granville went to work for E.F. Hutton, writing a daily market letter. He also published *A Strategy of Daily Stock Market Timing for Maximum Profit*, a handbook that is still highly regarded by Wall Streeters. After E.F. Hutton began heavily editing his letters, Granville decided in 1963 to set up his own shop. His publishing company now grosses $5 million a year.

Like many market masters, Granville has a system. He uses the volume of stock transactions to help predict major swings. "When you throw a ball into the air, it has upward momentum," he explains. "Before the ball drops, the upward momentum drops sharply. The ball is still rising, but the upward momentum is falling. You know that it will reach its top soon. In the same way, when the majority of my indicators signal a new bottom or top, I know to flash the buy or sell signal."

The bull market Barnum before a seminar

Expecting to win a Nobel Prize.

The success of the newsletter, however, owes as much to showmanship as scholarship. Granville selected Holly Hill as his home base "because it sticks in people's mind." The city is actually just a suburb of Daytona, but he says, "There is nothing romantic about the words Daytona Beach." He crisscrosses the U.S., annually addressing 200 investment seminars. His 2½-hour lecture is a circus of ventriloquism, juggling and bikini-clad girls. He tosses about biblical exhortations like: "As Matthew says, 'The Eye is the Lamp of the Body!' If my eye is on the right things, the market rewards me." And sometimes there is bizarre advice: sell California real estate fast because the San Andreas Fault is about to part "like a Talon zipper right down the coast some time after May 1981." He is now having a chimpanzee trained to play his theme song, *The Bagholder's Blues*, on the piano. Granville does not charge for these appearances. Instead, he views them as chances to sign up additional subscribers for the newsletter.

Granville's gaudiness offends many stock market professionals, although they have to recognize his good track record. Some charge that he has turned the investment advisory service into cheap entertainment. Granville often conveniently forgets that he was unabashedly bullish during the long market slide of 1973 and 1974. Says one critic: "Joe gives the appearance of being infallible. The next time he is wrong, he'll take a lot of unsophisticated investors down with him."

Dismissing his critics as "losers," Granville audaciously insists that his work will win him the Nobel Prize in economics. "I was reading an article about the twelve most powerful men in the world," he gloats. "I'll bet not one of them ever moved the market 5 points in one day. I moved it 31 points."

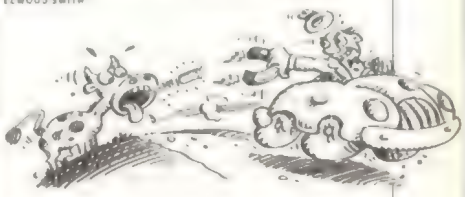
The man who moves markets and has become a millionaire in the process does not invest in the market himself. Granville argues that no analyst should own stock because that would influence his judgments of the market. ■

Magnetic Miles

A cow's path to saving fuel

Motorists in the Northwest seem to have discovered a new way to milk a few more miles out of their Cougars, Firebirds and pickups: cow magnets, believe it or not. These three-inch cylinders are implanted in a heifer's stomach to attract bits of metal that the animal might swallow while eating; the magnet thereby protects the critter's heart and lungs from being punctured. When those same magnets are taped, with positive and negative poles together, on a car's fuel line, they slightly heat the gas so that the engine burns more vapor. Result: four to six miles more on a gallon of gas.

At least that is the claim of George Goiri, 48, an Ontario, Ore., storekeeper, who began attaching magnets to his 1978


ELWOOD SMITH

Mark V and 1980 Ford pickup. He had wondered what effect magnets, which can be used to soften water by altering the molecules, would have on gasoline.

After the local newspaper published a story about Goiri in July, the cow-magnet craze struck Oregon, Idaho and Washington like gold fever. In ten days, Stocklin Supply near Portland, one of the largest animal health stores in the Northwest, sold 35,000 of the devices. It usually sells 15,000 to 20,000 a year. Goiri now has a patented kit called Magnetic Fuel Savers, which contains two plastic-coated magnets, clamps for fastening them to the fuel line, and directions for the fumble-fingered. Price: $16 to $19.90. Goiri has been contacted by some automotive-parts distributors, who are eager to test the apparatus. But the cows are reported to suspect that the whole idea is udder nonsense. ■

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A Remote Spiritual Disneyland

In the West Virginia hills, the Hare Krishnas build a palace

The Hare Krishnas are known for their bald heads, saffron robes and their own showy style of Hinduism. Known, but not necessarily beloved. Since 1966, with beads, drums and clanging cymbals, they have chanted and boom-cha-boomed their way down the streets of American cities and harried hordes of airport travelers with pleas for donations. So importunate are they, in fact, that a federal district judge in Syracuse has just declared that some of their fund raisers "engaged in a widespread and systematic scheme of accosting, deceit, misrepresentation and fraud on the public."

Now they are showing off some of their acquired wealth, and in an unlikely setting. Above Moundsville, in the West Virginia hills four miles up a rutted road from the nearest highway, 60 Hare Krishnas, who taught themselves to be artisans by trial and error, built an incredible peacock-hued "Palace of Gold." It is the first installment of what the settlement's leader envisions as a "spiritual Disneyland where people can come and be amazed." Amazed was one word for the 15,000 disciples and tourists attending the Labor Day weekend "grand opening." The festival also marked Janmastami, birthday of the Lord Krishna, who is the object of the movement's ceaseless chanted devotions.

The new "Palace of Gold" gleaming at twilight

Also tons of marble and some hepatitis

The fussily decorated palace consumed 63 tons of imported marble, ten tons of wrought iron, three tons of carved teakwood from India, onyx for inlaying, thousands of square feet of gold and copper leaf, 42 crystal chandeliers, as well as enough stained glass for 80 windows. Claimed cost of the materials: $500,000.

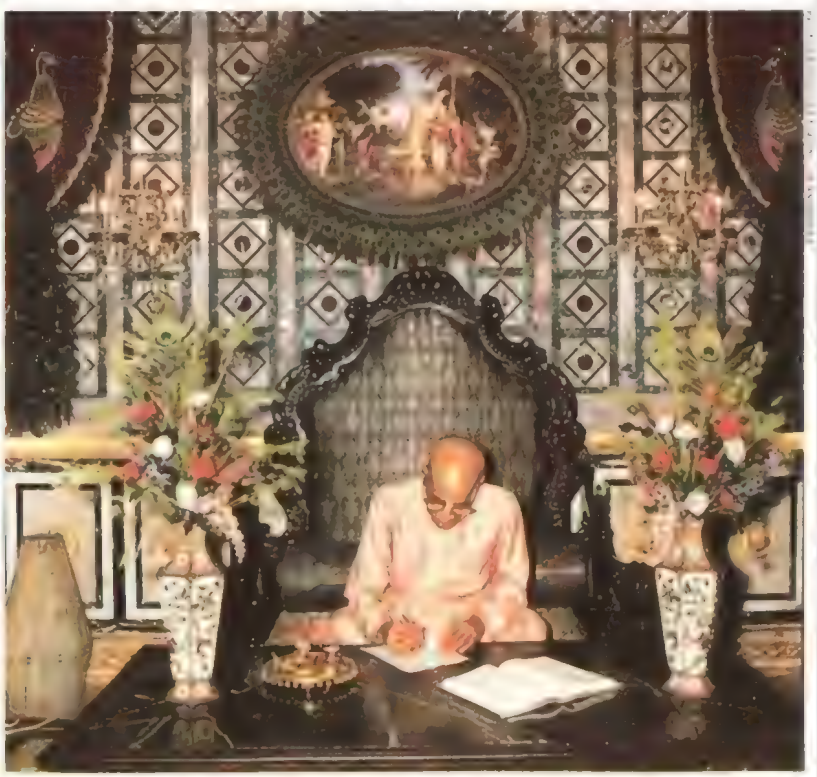
The palace was begun in 1973 as a part-time residence for His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, the Indian businessman who, late in life, took monastic vows and in 1965 arrived in New York City to launch the Hare Krishna movement. But the swami died three years ago, and the building was turned into a samadh (shrine) in his memory. Two devotional rooms contain life-size (and unnervingly lifelike) statues of the founder made of resin.

The palace is set on a 2,000-acre spread that includes a working farm and is called New Vrindaban, after the town in India where the incarnate Krishna lived five millenniums ago. Life among the grazing cows has not always been peaceful. After a shooting incident in 1973, the swami's flock collected dozens of firearms for self-defense, a practice that spread to West Coast Krishna communities. When a visitor died of hepatitis in 1976, West Virginia authorities quarantined the place, citing poor sanitation.

To help draw friendly visitors, the leader of New Vrindaban, Swami Bhaktipada, plans to add a vegetarian restaurant and museum next year, and a ten-acre formal garden in 1982. Eventually, there are supposed to be seven temples. But Sergeant Thomas Westfall of the county sheriff's department doubts it will ever be, so to speak, a tourists' mecca. "There's just no way that tour groups are going to include that place out there. The roads are terrible." ■

Children posing in festival costumes

Swami Bhaktipada teaching outdoors



In a shrine room, the statue of dead Hare Krishna Founder Prabhupāda keeps working

The defender: *Freedom* sets sail to keep the trophy in American hands

The challenger: *Australia* will attempt what no boat has ever managed

Sport

Newport's Ship Comes In

A born-again seaport drinks deeply from the America's Cup

On the rocky hills and verdant meadows just in from the coast, the summer residents linger in the 40-room marble "cottages" that were built in an age when opulence and ostentation were synonymous. At dockside, the graceful 12-meter yachts, sleek and finely tuned as Formula One race cars, bob serenely on the tide. The august commodores of the New York Yacht Club venture forth regularly in blazers and straw hats to observe the exertions of boats and crews as they duel over the 24.3-mile offshore course. It is America's Cup time again in Newport, and in these rarefied precincts seven boats from five nations have been contending for the homely 19th century silver Victorian ewer that is the oldest international prize in sailing. It is also one that, in 23 competitions, has always been won by Americans.

The triennial America's Cup races transform this old playground of millionaires into a stomping ground for the common man. Newport's narrow strip of waterfront real estate teems with weekenders who come to soak up rum punch and nautical atmosphere. Sporting newly purchased boating moccasins, they turn the town into a sidewalk vendor's dream, consuming 800 hot dogs per day at the Black Pearl Annex bar, putting away 1,500 ice cream cones at a nearby shop and guzzling countless bottles of beer as an antidote to the summer sun. Occasionally they glance out to sea to ponder the *raison d'être*. "I understand there is a sailing race tomorrow, yes?" one middle-aged tourist inquires. "I have no interest in sailboat racing whatsoever."

To the racers, such unenthusiastic reaction to their endeavors matters little. They ply their sport in solitary splendor far offshore. The cognoscenti capable of understanding the subtleties of tactics inspired by on-board computers give chase in observer boats, but the bulk of Newport's visitors view the racing yachts only after they are towed back to port at the end of the day. To the city's merchants and shopkeepers, the landlubbers' lack of concern means even less. They are busy rebuilding an economy that has had more than its share of ups and downs.

Yet the salts and the sellers have combined to spur a revival of the historic port. When the Navy moved its Newport fleet south in 1973, it took 5,200 jobs with it. Newport, which had openly anguished over the construction of a bridge linking the island to the mainland in 1969, decided that tourism by the hoi polloi offered economic salvation. "I refused to drive across it for four months after it opened," said a local stonecutter. "But I decided you can't stand on principle forever."

Certainly not when the city stands to make a minor mint on merchandising past glory and futuristic sailboats. The Newport Preservation Society has spurred the renovation of more than 400 colonial buildings since the late '60s, and many of them are sold or rented out. Six of the grandest mansions were opened to weekend gawkers, come to see baronial rooms glistening with carved paneling and gilt ceilings. A portion of Thames Street, the waterfront avenue aptly nicknamed "Blood Alley" during the days when sailors on shore leave brawled in its dives and tattoo parlors, was first rid of its rundown bars, then rechristened America's Cup Avenue and studded with boutiques.

There are limits, however. The town fathers uncompromisingly forbade the construction of an oil refinery. It was not in keeping with Newport's style. As local historian Delphine Washburn asked TIME's Peter Ainslie: "Do you think Com-

Newport harbor: millionaires' playground invaded by commoners

On the lawn of their quarters, U.S. crewmen do morning exercises

In gilded splendor, New York Yacht Club officials confer

modore Vanderbilt would ever come back here if he were getting his yachts fouled in an oil spill?"

Permanent residents (some 28,000 at latest count) now fear pollution ashore. Rare 17th and 18th century buildings along the waterfront were torn down to make room for shops. Lobstermen intent upon a beer after a day at sea must pick their way past vacationers playing at old salt in their Madras shorts. Said one, referring to the town's drive to attract mainlanders: "They've taken this lovely old town and they've just trashed it."

But most is forgiven every three years when the America's Cup yachts arrive from around the world. During a Cup summer, some 3 million tourists swarm over or sail under the bridge, clogging the town's narrow cobblestone streets and spending some $100 million. Some of them—not all, by any means, but some—even get caught up in the romance of the race and are captivated by the grace of the boats.

The boats, too, are part of Newport's heritage. Back in the '30s, Commodore Harry K. Vanderbilt and British Airplane Designer T.O.M. Sopwith battled in giant J-boats, 130-ft. vessels that weighed some 160 tons each and required crews of 20. Today's 12-meter yachts—so called after a complex racing formula, not their length—are smaller (they average 65 ft. and 30 tons) and carry crews of only eleven, but they make up in speed and sophistication for what they lack in size.

The American boat *Freedom*, chosen over two other U.S. entries last month to defend the Cup, has an inventory of 75 sails. Skipper Dennis Conner, 37, decides which sail to send aloft after using a miniature computer to study currents, wind direction and course. Conner has been methodically racing *Freedom* and a stalking horse for more than a year. Keeping two boats and their crews at sea for so long has raised the already formidable ante of America's Cup competition. *Freedom's* meticulous preparation required a total of 100 crewmen and onshore support personnel and cost a hefty $2.5 million.

***Freedom's* Conner and *Australia's* Hardy**

Meticulous planner vs. *experienced hand*

Four foreign boats vied for the right to take on *Freedom*. Great Britain's *Lionheart* suffered a series of woes that included a shortage of funds and illness among the crew. The English skipper was sacked, but defeat still ruled Britannia's waves. Swedes poured into town to root for *Sverige* and plastered their blue and yellow logo everywhere. Both were eliminated last month. Of the remaining challengers, *Australia*, skippered by Jim Hardy, 47, entered the final stages of selection as the smart-money favorite over *France III*. Hardy has captained three other Cup attempts by Australian boats, and his familiarity with the tricky Newport waters was considered an invaluable asset. Of all the foreign boats, moreover, *Australia* had the most successful summer, winning twelve races and losing six.

France III, owned by French Ballpoint Pen Magnate Marcel Bich, was the baron's fourth and, he insists, final attempt at the America's Cup. The imperious Bich has sunk a considerable fortune into pursuit of the Cup, rivaling Sir Thomas Lipton (five attempts between 1889 and 1930) for honors as the most steadfast—some say foolhardy—challenger. This year Bich reached the final round for the first time, but lost to *Australia*.

Though *Australia* beat her challengers soundly, *Freedom* is a strong favorite to keep the Cup bolted to the trophy case at the New York Yacht Club. Members insist that the urn was fastened down to prevent theft, but challengers know that the action was symbolic as well. They also know that, in America's Cup racing, winning is everything. As an aide told Queen Victoria when she asked who finished second to the Americans in the first run for the trophy in 1851: "Your Majesty, there is no second." —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Jeff Melvoin/Newport*

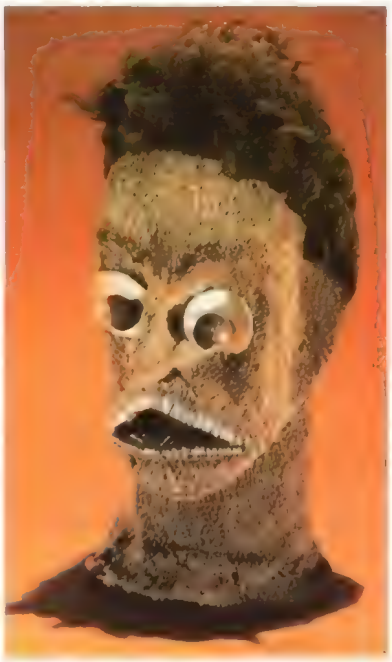
Chieftains, Flacks and Feathers

In Chicago, a package tour of Hawaiian art

Ever since the King Tut spectacular, corporations have been looking for glamour art shows to sponsor as public relations coups. The logic of this situation, pressed to its extreme, is that the museum curator becomes a mere appendage to the p.r. firm, which finds a "sexy" theme, sells it to the client, sets up the package and punches it into museum schedules. Such is the case with "Hawaii: The Royal Isles," a blockbuster without the block, which opened last week at the Art Institute of Chicago. Until 1983, as it trundles from one major museum to another around the U.S., this show of more than 300 objects will be flacked up as a "major" statement about the ethnic culture of the Hawaiians and the reactions of Europeans to it. In fact, it is nothing of the kind. Such a show would be eminently worth doing, but it would require a major curatorial effort. "Hawaii: The Royal Isles" (the kitschy title sounds a warning gong at once) took no such exertion. It was all scooped up from Hawaiian sources, mainly the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, and although it does contain a dozen or so objects of striking intensity and handsomeness, it is meager in general quality. Only international loans could have produced a first-rate show on this absorbing subject.

The reason for this is largely historical. Europeans, intoxicated with the cult of the Noble Savage, got interested in Hawaii through the Pacific explorers of the 18th century. Large quantities of portable Hawaiian artifacts went back on the boats to Europe, where they remain in the British Museum and other collections from Ireland to Germany. European collectors also gathered most of the paintings and drawings of real historical significance that whites made of Hawaii. (How much clearer our sense of English cultural attitudes to the Hawaiians would be, for instance, if the show had borrowed Johann Zoffany's ambitious *Death of Cook* from the Maritime Museum in Greenwich, instead of limiting itself to a small painting of the great explorer's death by the mediocre George Carter.)

Meanwhile, the Hawaiians destroyed their own heritage. In 1819 they were seized, as dying cultures sometimes are, by self-hatred; in an iconoclastic frenzy, urged on by Christian missionaries, they burned or broke nearly all their effigies of tribal gods. The few examples in the Chicago show suggest that the Hawaiians had appreciably less sculptural genius than other Pacific cultures, such as the Maoris or New Hebrideans; but the gaunt, intimidating ferocity of some of the pieces, especially a head woven from vine roots with its mouth outlined in dogs' teeth and its scalp matted with human hair, could coexist with a high order of technical skill. What survived the auto-da-fé in greater quantity was decorative art of lesser iconographic content: not gods, but feather robes, bone or whale-tooth ornaments, and the beautifully carved wooden containers, irregular in their polished silkiness, from which the Hawaiians ate their poi, a sort of tropical office paste made of taro roots.



Woven basketry image of a war god

Much of the show in Chicago consists of memorabilia and trinkets from the colonial years of the 19th century. Though they are of historical interest, few of them have any aesthetic dimension at all, and the effect tends to fluctuate between Trader Vic's and Portobello Road: old photos, crude portraits, a throne run up by a local German carpenter in 1847 for King Kamehameha III. More recent currents in Hawaiian culture are sketchily represented by the attempts of living artists to make art based on aboriginal myth. These efforts at nostalgic revivalism look like airport art.

The best part of the exhibition is unquestionably its feather work. The Bishop Museum has an unrivaled collection of the cloaks and capes worn by Hawaiians of high rank, and few garments in the history of costume display so dense a concentration of labor and material. Hundreds of thousands of tiny feathers from forest birds, trapped with bird lime and nets, went into the making of a cloak, and they were painstakingly tied to a mesh base to form broad, brilliant patterns. Not until the 1950s, with Henri Matisse's chasubles for the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence, would a ceremonial garment approach the purity and boldness of design of the 19th century chief's cloak named for Kekaulike-nui. Such objects would form a climax to any ethnographical show. One can only regret that in this case they do not cap a better one.

—By Robert Hughes

BERNICE PAUAHI BISHOP MUSEUM HONOLULU

Feather cape named for Hawaiian chief Kekaulike-nui of the Island of Maui

Also iconoclasm, necklaces, airport art and a throne by a local German carpenter.

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Medicine

Moving Toward Designer Genes

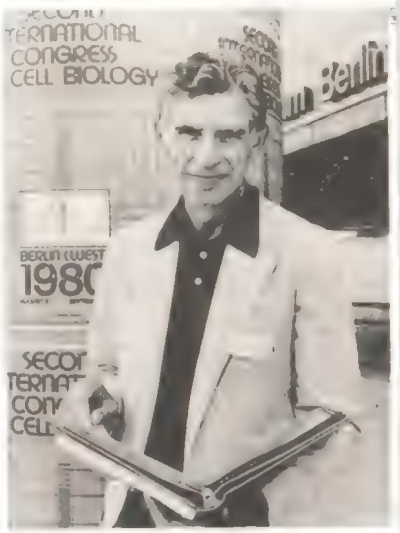
DNA research steps up from the cell to the animal

Since scientists first began manipulating genes, they have been envisioning a brave new world in which diseases from Huntington's chorea to sickle-cell anemia to possibly diabetes could be cured simply by inserting the correct strip of DNA into the body's cells. So far, though, most of the genetic tinkering has been limited to transplanting genes into isolated cells in laboratory dishes or into bacteria.

But the dawn of designer genes is slowly moving closer. Researchers are now extending their experiments to living animals. In April, scientists at the University of California in Los Angeles reported they had inserted into intact adult mice a gene that makes cells resistant to a specific drug. Last week a team of Yale University scientists announced they had altered an animal's hereditary makeup at a more basic level: by injecting foreign genes into a mouse at its earliest stage of development, a fertilized egg.

In the Yale experiment, described by Biologist Francis Ruddle at an international conference on cell biology in West Berlin, he and Colleagues Jon Gordon and George Scangos isolated genes from two viruses and manufactured them in large quantities. Then, guided by a high-powered microscope and using tubes thinner than hairs, they delicately microinjected 1,000 to 20,000 copies of the genetic material directly into the nuclei of newly fertilized mouse eggs kept alive in laboratory dishes. The eggs were then carefully transferred to the wombs of female mice and eventually the foster mothers gave birth to 150 infants. The newborns were promptly killed, and the DNA was extracted from their tissues for study. Portions of the viral genes were found in two of the mice. Presumably the genes had been present in every cell of those animals.

While the experiment offers the possibility that by changing the genetic material in the human egg, doctors may one day be able to eliminate a host of inherited diseases—including hemophilia, Tay-Sachs disease and phenylketonuria, a metabolic disorder that may result in brain damage—many basic questions must first be answered. For example, will the transplanted genes actually work as they are supposed to or will they be modified or inactivated by the animal's own genetic machinery? Will the foreign genes free-float in the cells or will they latch on to the other genes arranged along the chromosomes? Will genes that normally are switched on only in specific types of cells function in the same way when they have been introduced into other types of cells through genetic engineering? Finally, will transplanted genes be inherited by the animal's descendants?



Yale Biologist Francis Ruddle in Europe

Injecting genes through hair-thin tubes

Last spring's U.C.L.A. development has prompted similar questions, but the medical payoff from it may come a bit sooner. In that experiment, a team of sci-

The $2 Million Man

Terry Fox, 22, is a fitness-minded British Columbian who played soccer and basketball at Simon Fraser University near Vancouver—until 3½ years ago, when he learned that he had bone cancer. His right leg was amputated above the knee in March 1977, a blow that seemed certain to rule out further athletic achievement. Yet this summer, Fox caught the imagination of Canadians by attempting an extraordinarily punishing feat as a long-distance runner. On April 12 he set out from St. John's, Newfoundland, intent on running 5,300 miles across the continent to Vancouver.

Fox talked the Canadian Cancer Society into sponsoring his run as a fund-raising venture, and he wore a white T shirt labeled MARATHON OF HOPE. Said he: "I wanted to show people that just because they're disabled, it's not the end."

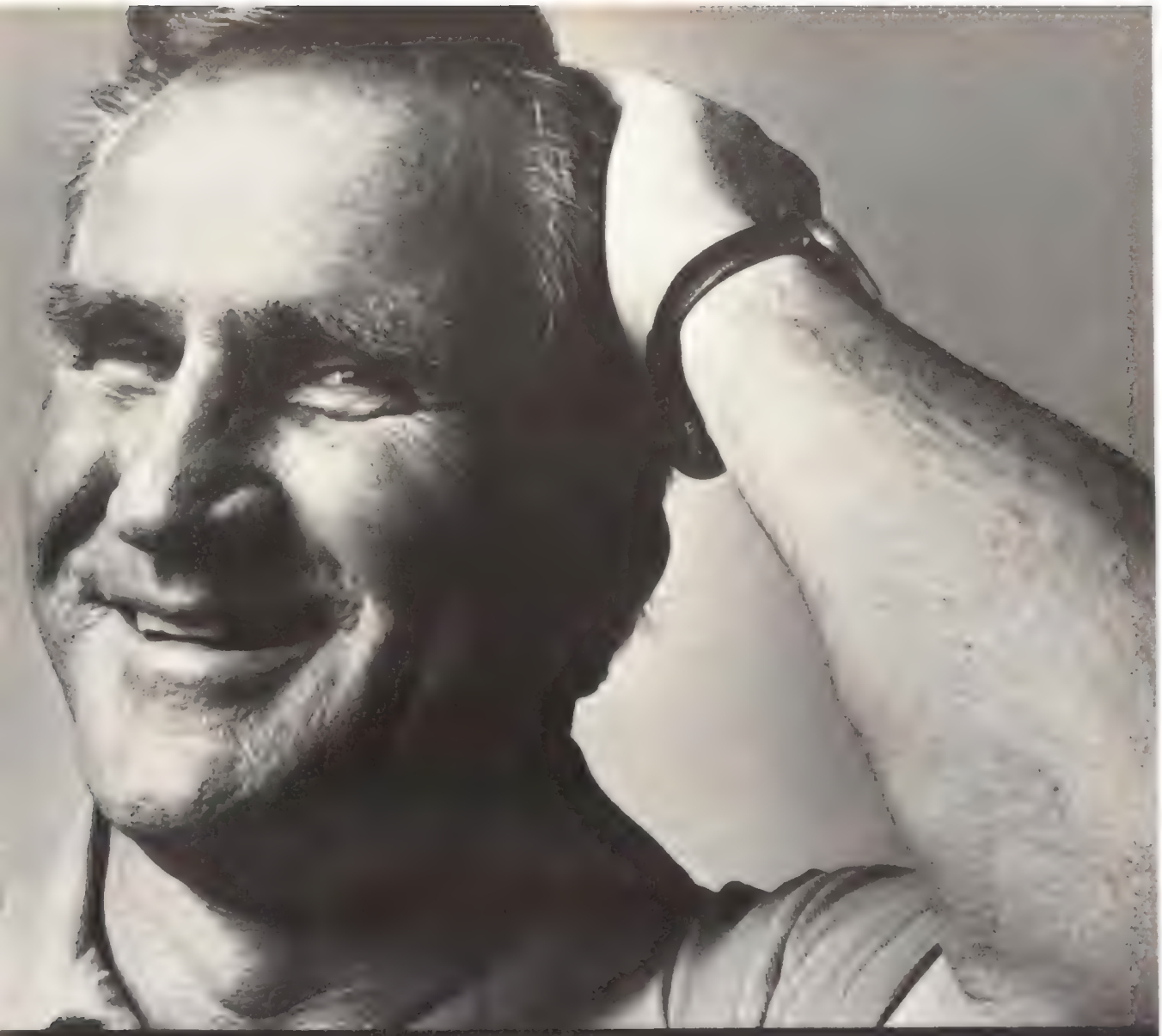
In towns and cities along the way, crowds of well-wishers turned out to cheer him on. In Toronto, 10,000 people greeted him. It was impossible not to admire his gutsiness and determination. He ran with a kind of hop and a skip with his prosthetic leg, on good days covering up to 30 miles. He ran through rain, snow and hailstones during the early weeks, then endured the sizzling afternoon sun of June and July. At one point, a welder did spot repairs on the artificial limb.

Some Canadians said they felt a little squeamish at the newspaper and television pictures of his occasionally bloody stump and his face contorted in pain. Still, editorialists applauded his perseverance, and one sportswriter even urged his selection as Canada's Athlete of the Year.

Runner Fox outside Sudbury, Ont.

Last week, after Fox had raised nearly $2 million in pledges for cancer research, his run came to an abrupt end, more than halfway to his goal. Three miles outside Thunder Bay, Ont., and 3,336 from his starting point, Fox began coughing and choking, with pain in his neck and chest. He bravely ran on, so as not to disappoint spectators who had waited for him, but soon checked into a local hospital for tests. The verdict: his cancer has spread. As he told reporters tearfully, "I've got it in my lungs."

The Canadian Cancer Society says the diagnosis "took us by surprise. We had no reports of ill health." Fox flew home to Vancouver, vowing to finish his run if he can. Said he: "I've lived one day at a time before and I will now."



To Don Shula, security is knowing how to use that Griese kid stuff.

To over a million others, security is a life insurance policy from us.

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Louisiana Gas
Discovery
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How we're turning our earnings into some of the most important oil and natural gas discoveries in recent years.

A lot of American oil and natural gas is out there waiting for drill bits like these to find them. Trouble is, finding and producing new reserves is an expensive, difficult proposition. At Amoco, we think the money spent finding America's own energy is money wisely spent.

The Tuscaloosa Trend in Louisiana is a good example of how we're spending money searching for new natural gas supplies. Finding gas in this region has never been easy. The terrain and underground rock layers create conditions so difficult that a well can cost $8 million or more. That's eight times the cost of an average onshore well. But the benefits to America could be enormous because this is one of the most promising discovery areas in decades of drilling in Louisiana.

We've also made important finds in southwest Wyoming and northeast Utah. The area is called the Over thrust Belt and discoveries made here are some of the most exciting for America's energy future since Alaska's Prudhoe Bay field. But the Overthrust Belt also presents expensive and difficult develop ment and drilling problems. One recent oil discovery in Utah, Amoco No. 1 Bountiful Livestock, cost more than $8 million.

While the cost of drilling in both these areas is high, so is our success rate. Our exploration success rate in the Tuscalocsa Trend was 50%. That compares with a 32% industry average in the Trend.

It's not likely that the future holds cost reductions for finding oil and natural gas. But our commitment is firm because we're sure searching for discoveries like these is the best way to spend our earnings. We know that finding new energy will help make America less dependent on foreign oil.

America runs better on American oil.

STANDARD

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

True taps new taste source!

Still only **5** MG TAR

True's improved tobacco recipe does it:
Makes ultra low tar smoking an unexpected pleasure. Now you don't have to smoke higher than 5 mg tar to get that good taste you've been hoping for in a low tar.

Ultra low tar never tasted so good.

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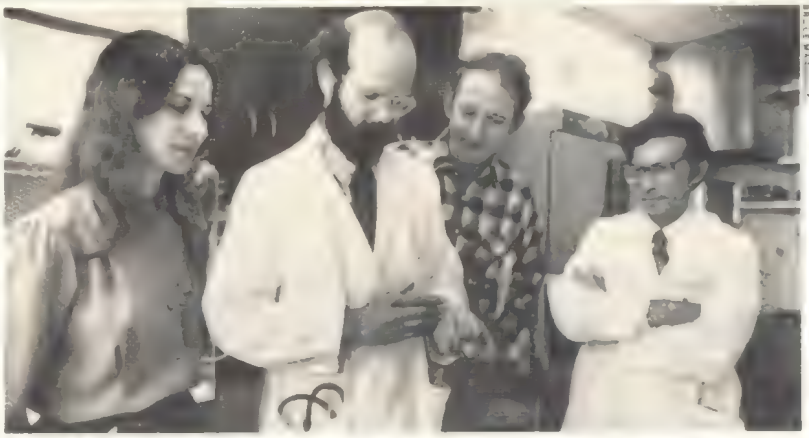


U.C.L.A.'s Salser (second from right) and Cline (right) and colleagues with mouse

A technique that may help patients withstand the assaults of cancer drugs.

entists led by Martin Cline and Winston Salser isolated genes that help produce an enzyme resistant to methotrexate, a drug used to treat cancer. The researchers added the genes to cell cultures of mouse bone marrow. The cells that picked up the foreign material, along with cells that had been incubated with genes that do not confer resistance, were then injected into mice whose own bone marrow had been destroyed. To see if the drug-resistance genes were working, the animals were given methotrexate. Tests after two months showed that cells that carried the resistance genes made up most of the bone marrow.

The U.C.L.A. findings may eventually help patients undergoing cancer chemotherapy. Methotrexate, used to treat leukemia and other cancers, is like most antitumor drugs: potent but harsh. It indiscriminately destroys rapidly proliferating cells, malignant and healthy alike. Among the healthy ones are those of bone marrow, which produce blood cells. The damage that methotrexate does to bone marrow effectively limits how much of it can be given to patients. Making the cells resistant to the drug's assault might give patients the ability to withstand more intensive therapy.

Researchers also speculate that doctors might use the technique to correct blood diseases that result from defects in single genes, including sickle-cell anemia and thalassemia. The therapeutic gene could be transferred into bone marrow cells along with a gene for drug resistance. Exposure to the drug would kill off marrow that produces defective blood cells and allow a population of "cured" cells to take over.

As more experiments with living animals get under way, the longstanding debate over genetic engineering's ethical implications and potential dangers is sure to intensify. Some scientists, like Rockefeller University's Norton Zinder, maintain that experimentation with humans is still a long way off and the concern is thus premature: "No one's going to diddle with human embryos in a time frame we can understand. Maybe in a thousand years." Others are not so sure. Notes Harvard's Jonathan Beckwith: "What's happened in this field is a series of advances. When each happens, most people go around saying, 'The idea of genetically engineering embryos is so far off.' And then the next advance occurs. We may be moving faster than we think." —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Suzanne Wymelenberg/New Haven and Rosemary George/West Berlin*

Caffeine Nerves

A warning to pregnant women

When next a pregnant woman reaches for a cup of that old pick-me-up, she should be urged to put it down. So advised the Food and Drug Administration last week. For coffee—like tea, cola drinks, chocolate and cocoa, and some drugs—contains caffeine, and, says the FDA, that substance may be linked to birth defects.

Caffeine is a stimulant known to penetrate the placenta and reach the fetus. A new FDA study has shown harmful effects on the offspring of 305 pregnant rats force-fed caffeine through a tube into the stomach. Those that consumed caffeine in amounts equivalent to a human drinking between twelve and 24 cups of coffee a day gave birth to offspring with missing toes. After birth, rats whose mothers had received caffeine in amounts comparable to only two cups of coffee a day in humans did not grow as fast as normal.

Though suggestive, the findings do not firmly establish a relationship between caffeine and human birth defects. After all, people are not force-fed caffeine by tube into the stomach, and they may not metabolize the chemical in the same way as rats. The FDA will attempt to resolve these issues by further studies. Meanwhile, the National Coffee Association and the soft-drink industry have announced plans to do their own surveys of pregnant women to determine patterns of caffeine consumption and birth defects. ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Tom Wolfe,** 49, razzmatazz stylist and astute chronicler of the trendy and status conscious, who coined "radical chic" and "the me decade" and wrote *The Right Stuff,* a recent bestseller about the Mercury astronauts; and **Sheila Berger Wolfe,** 37, art director of *Harper's* magazine: a daughter, their first child; in New York City. Name: Alexandra Kennerly.

MARRIED. Karen Carpenter, 30, singing and drumming half of the brother-sister duo the Carpenters; and **Thomas James Burris,** 39, real estate developer and a member of Ronald Reagan's campaign finance committee; she for the first time, he for the second; in Beverly Hills. During the ceremony the bride sang a song, *Because We're in Love,* written for the occasion by Brother Richard, and a 50-voice choir performed Carpenters hits from the '70s.

MARRIED. Bonnie Franklin, 36, singer, dancer and actress, who plays a divorcee on TV's *One Day at a Time;* and Producer **Marvin Minoff,** 48, with whom she worked on a TV movie about Birth Control Pioneer Margaret Sanger; both for the second time; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Douglas Kenney, 33, a founder and onetime editor of the humor magazine *National Lampoon* and co-author of the screenplays for the 1978 hit *Animal House* and this summer's *Caddyshack,* which he also produced; in a fall from a 30-ft. bluff on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, where he was vacationing. A 1968 graduate of Harvard, where he was an editor of the collegiate *Lampoon,* Kenney and two other former editors in 1970 launched the *National Lampoon,* which has since spun off movies, stage revues, a radio show, records and books.

DIED. Walter Kaufmann, 59, German-born professor of philosophy at Princeton, whose biographical and interpretive studies of 19th century German thinkers (Hegel, Nietzsche) and literary and philosophical anthologies *(Existentialism from Dostoyevsky to Sartre)* have been handbooks for both undergraduates and scholars; of a ruptured aorta; in Princeton, N.J.

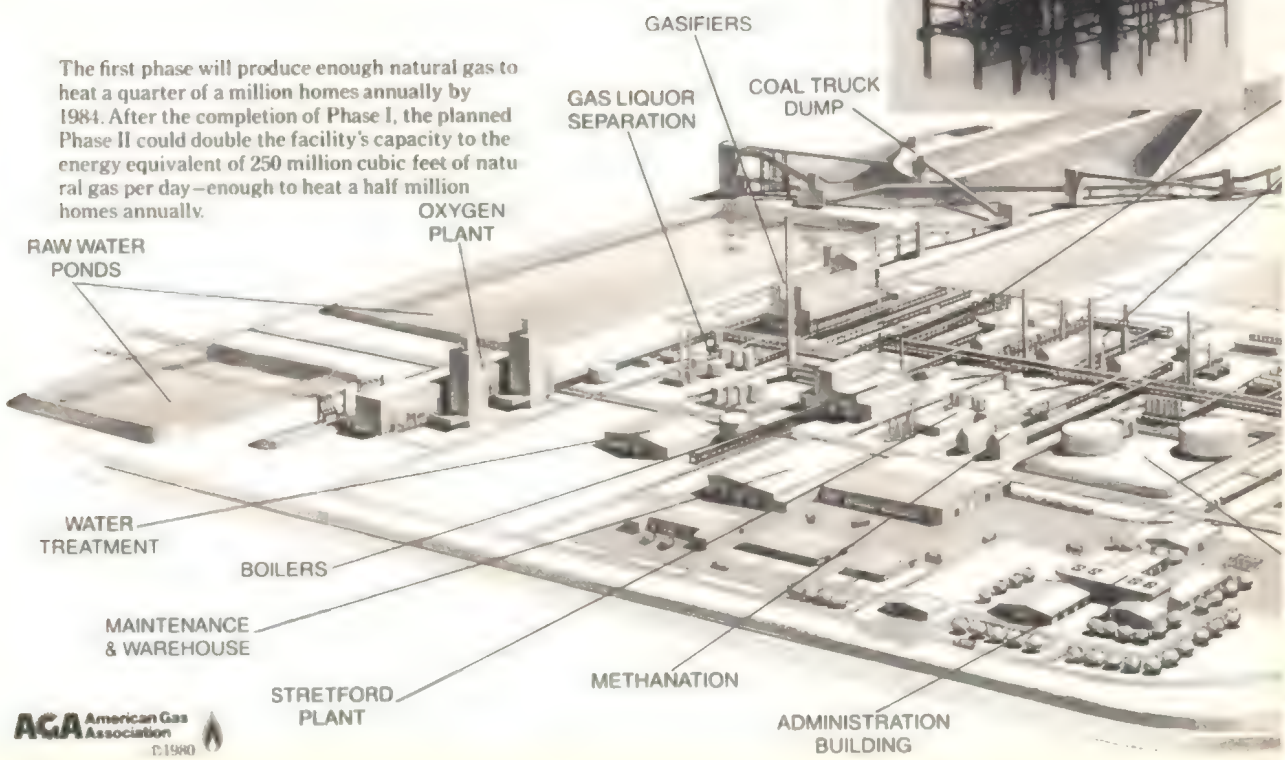
DIED. Duncan Renaldo, 76, "the Cisco Kid" of twelve feature films and 156 television episodes in the 1950s; in Santa Barbara, Calif. After working his way up from studio janitor to leading roles in 1929 and 1931 in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *Trader Horn,* the Rumanian-born Renaldo was convicted of perjury for falsifying his birthplace to qualify for a U.S. passport; he served 18 months in prison, then was pardoned by President Franklin Roosevelt. Renaldo was proud of his Cisco series, in which he played an Old West Don Quixote to the late Leo Carrillo's Sancho Panza, using wits instead of guns. "Pancho and I never killed anyone," he once said. "The kids who watched our show went to sleep smiling."

Exercising the Gas Option

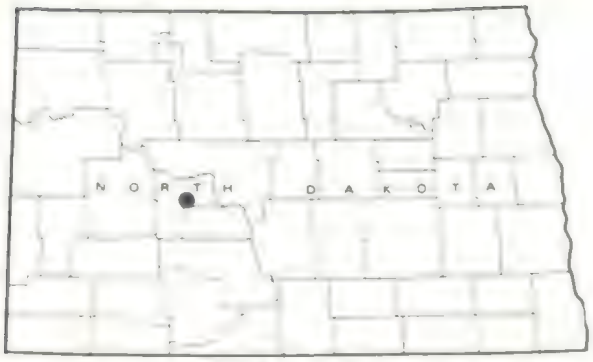
Gas Update: Large-scale coal gasification begins in North Dakota.

The new coal conversion facility will gasify 14,000 tons per day of local lignite coal to produce approximately 125 million cubic feet per day of natural gas

The first phase will produce enough natural gas to heat a quarter of a million homes annually by 1984. After the completion of Phase I, the planned Phase II could double the facility's capacity to the energy equivalent of 250 million cubic feet of natural gas per day—enough to heat a half million homes annually.

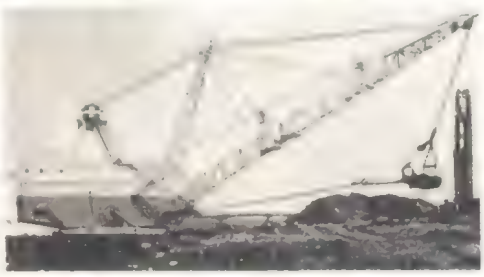


AGA American Gas Association ©1980



Great Plains project is near Beulah, North Dakota, as shown above. The venture is America's first large-scale synthetic fuels project.

A new era in energy began on July 28, 1980, with the announcement of our nation's first commercial-scale coal gasification project in Mercer County, North Dakota. The $1.4 billion plant will process local lignite coal into approximately 125 million cubic feet of clean gas energy every day—enough to heat a quarter of a million homes annually. Converting coal into methane gas is the cleanest, most efficient and economical way to use our nation's vast coal reserves. And after years of testing, development and evaluation, this process is ready for commercialization. Synfuel is becoming a reality.



More Clean Energy for the Future

The project's administrator and plant operator, American Natural Resources Company, will share the gas produced with four other companies: Peoples Energy Corp., Columbia Gas System, Inc., Tenneco, Inc., and Transco Companies, Inc. The significance of the Great Plains project goes beyond processing 14,000 tons of coal into approximately 125 million cubic feet of gas every day. In demonstrating the feasibility of large-scale coal gasification in the U.S., the plant will provide a stream of valuable economic, environmental, and technical data for future projects of its kind.

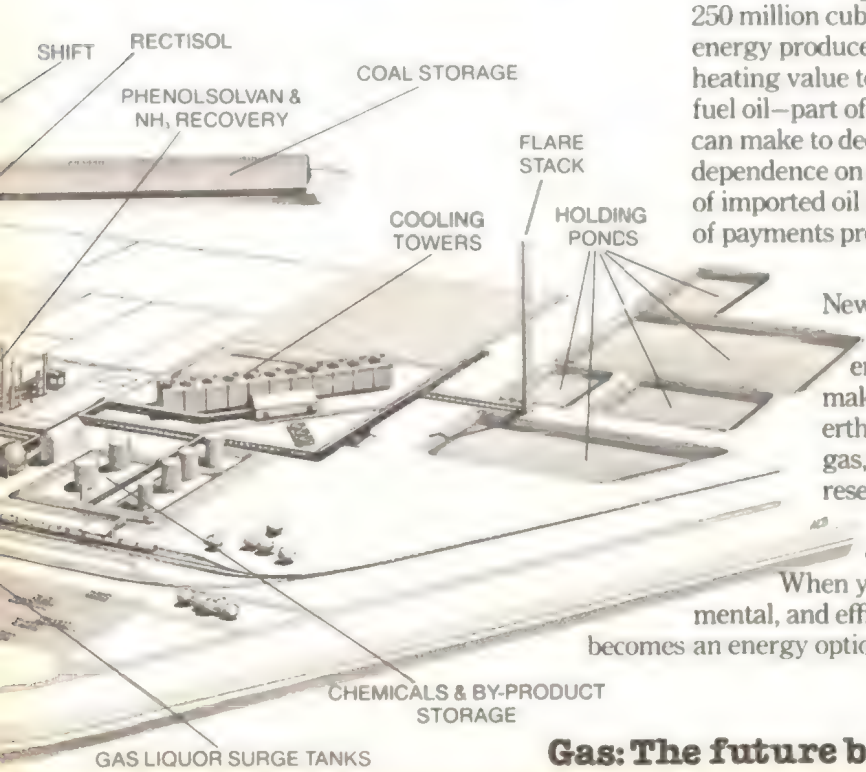
This information is essential to the creation of an entire new industry based on the utilization of America's vast coal resources, the world's largest in terms of currently recoverable reserves.

Coal for the Great Plains project will come from four adjacent mining areas. Only 500 acres per year will be disturbed, and reclamation will be continuous.

Gas is scheduled to begin flowing in 1984. After that, the addition of a second phase could double the plant's capacity to the energy equivalent of 250 million cubic feet per day.

Coal Gasification Helps Lessen Energy Dependence

250 million cubic feet of clean methane gas energy produced every day will be comparable in heating value to approximately 40,000 barrels of fuel oil—part of an increasing contribution gas can make to decrease our nation's dangerous dependence on foreign oil. And using gas instead of imported oil helps our nation's critical balance of payments problem.



Part of the Solution

New technologies like coal gasification will solve only part of America's energy problems. But they can make an important contribution nevertheless. Unconventional sources of gas, which additional expanded research can help make available, are potentially huge—and in some cases are virtually inexhaustible.

When you consider the economic, environmental, and efficiency advantages of gas, it becomes an energy option that makes increasing sense.

Gas: The future belongs to the efficient.

Should the *Dial* Be Turned Off?

A new magazine raises questions about nonprofit status

First copies of the *Dial*, a slick new monthly about television, were winning rave reviews from charter subscribers this month. Billed as a program guide to public television, the *Dial* also features articles by first-class writers: Wilfrid Sheed on sports, Auberon Waugh on Alec Guinness, Stanley Kauffmann on acting. But the magazine was unexpectedly panned by the House of Representatives, then by the U.S. Postal Service. Reason: the *Dial*—which will be sent to 650,000 PBS-TV supporters in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., as part of their $25-minimum contribution—is bursting with ads, $580,000 worth in the first issue alone.

Such an impressive debut would normally be cause for bouquets. But the *Dial* is not just another magazine. It is published by the Public Broadcasting Service through a new nonprofit corporation, Public Broadcasting Communications Inc. If PBS stations continue to print advertising in the *Dial*, the House voted, they will lose their federal funding. Explained Maryland Republican Robert Bauman as he introduced the measure: "I do not believe that the Federal Government should be in the commercial publishing business."

The House decision followed months of controversy over PBS's ambitious plans to pack high-tone ads—Tiffany & Co., Cuisinart, Merrill Lynch—into its new nonprofit publication and use any "surplus" revenues, a euphemism for profits, for public-TV programming. Last July *Washingtonian* (circ. 101,000) magazine Publisher Philip Merrill asked the Federal Communications Commission to stop the *Dial's* four sponsoring stations —WNET in New York, KCET in Los Angeles, WETA in Washington, WTTW in Chicago—from giving the magazine free on-the-air promotion. The *Dial*, he argued, will compete against other magazines at an unfair advantage.

Don Erickson, *Dial's* editor, disagrees. "For years the Government has granted tax advantages to organizations that use their profits for socially useful purposes," says he. "And public television serves a useful purpose." Nonprofit publications are exempt from most taxes and save up to 50% on postal rates —a big edge over for-profit magazines, whose postal bills have increased some 450% since 1971. These concessions are enjoyed by an increasingly broad range of publications. Of the 35,000 periodicals regularly sent through the mails, 10,000 or so now get some nonprofit subsidies. They range from shoestring religious and labor newsletters to the prosperous *National Geographic* (circ. 10.4 million), from the National Geographic Society. Indeed, some of the nation's best-known publications are not for profit: *Smithsonian* (circ. 1.8 million), from the Smithsonian Institution; *Natural History* (circ. 478,000), from New York City's American Museum of Natural History; *Mother Jones* (circ. 222,000), from the Foundation for National Progress; *Science* (circ. 151,000) and *Science 80* (estimated circ. 400,000), both from the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Other magazines have lately converted to nonprofit status when market forces threatened their existence. *Ms* magazine (circ. 491,000) made the switch last year after convincing IRS and postal authorities that the monthly's role in combatting antifemale biases entitled it to federal support. *Harper's* (circ. 325,000) was saved from extinction this summer when it was bought by two nonprofit foundations. William Buckley's conservative *National Review* (circ. 86,000) and the liberal *New Republic* (circ. 75,000) have formed the Corporation for Maintaining Editorial Diversity to solicit tax-deductible contributions to help pay mailing costs. The two magazines will continue as for-profit enterprises.

Some periodicals with a friend in Washington

Though few citizens would argue that nonprofit subsidies should be eliminated altogether, commercial publishers are not happy about them. Last March Entrepreneur Mortimer Zuckerman purchased the small *Atlantic Monthly* (circ. 337,000) only a few months before his main competitor, *Harper's*, went nonprofit. "How does the Government expect privately held magazines to survive?" asks Zuckerman. *Geo*, an expensively produced monthly introduced in the U.S. last year by West Germany's Gruner & Jahr, goes up against the nonprofit *National Geographic*, *Natural History* and *Smithsonian*. It is not easy. As a for-profit enterprise, *Geo* finds it must charge subscribers $3 a copy, *vs. National Geographic's* per-issue price of 79¢. Says *Geo* Editor in Chief Harold Kaplan of his nonprofit competitors: "They cover the same ground we do, sell a slew of ads, but pay no taxes. It's not a fair shake." Observes *New Yorker* President George Green: "Some of these [nonprofit] magazines are marketing themselves as advertising vehicles, rather than as sidelines of organizations. *Dial* was developed solely to sell advertising."

Indeed, the PBS marketing scheme emphasizes its subscribers' "up-scale" incomes. "If you could advertise on public TV, would you?" PBS asked readers of *Advertising Age*. "You can't, of course. But you can reach these smart, rich and rabid public-TV fans through a powerful new advertising medium, the *Dial*."

As the flap over the *Dial* grew, the U.S. Postal Service at week's end retreated from its earlier decision to allow the *Dial's* sponsoring stations to use their cheap mailing privileges to distribute the magazine. Instead, Public Broadcasting Communications Inc. must now apply for its own nonprofit mail permit. Vows *Dial* Publisher Morton Bailey Jr.: "We're going to fight this thing to the very end. We're going to play hardball on this because we're right." As Bailey comes to the plate, however, he is likely to face some smoking fastballs. ■

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Erickson flipping through the first issue in his New York office

"Public television serves a useful purpose."

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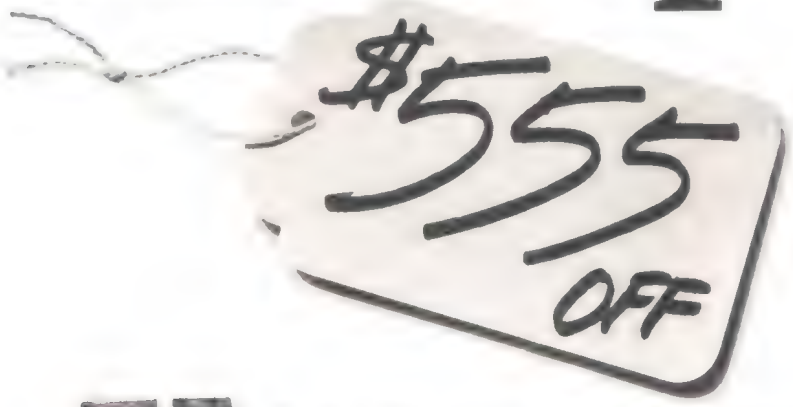

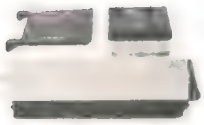

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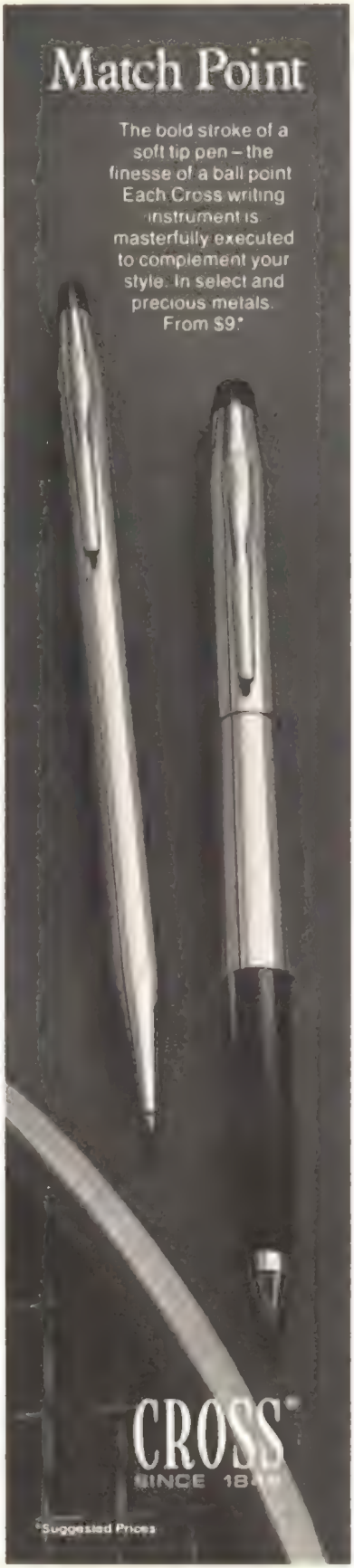


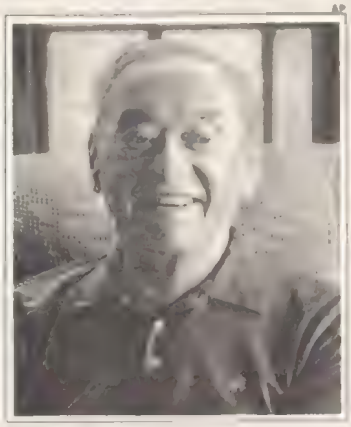
Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Comrade of the Powerful

Calling Walter Lippmann the last of the great political columnists is an implied rebuke to his successors, suggesting that they don't make them like that any more. Well, they don't. A man not afraid to be caught reasoning in print, Lippmann intellectually dominated the editorial pages of American newspapers for a half-century. On-the-other-hands were not for him: wrong he might sometimes be, but rarely uncertain.

Perhaps today's columnists lack Lippmann's talent and intellectual resources, but there is another reason why they cannot command Lippmann's prestige. This becomes evident in a reading of Ronald Steel's fine new biography, *Walter Lippmann and the American Century*. A columnist today couldn't carry on in the way Lippmann did, participating in all sorts of political maneuvers and policy decisions. The times demand more standoffish behavior from a columnist if he is to be trusted as an observer identified with the public's side.

Lippmann's first major participation in events cannot be faulted: he contributed to the shaping of Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points. But Lippmann never did have a rigid belief in journalistic celibacy. In the nine years that he was the influential editor of Pulitzer's New York *World*, he promoted friends for office, plotted strategies, intrigued behind the scenes, all unbeknownst to his readers. When Al Smith ran for President in 1928, Lippmann commuted to Albany in the Governor's private railway car to coach him on foreign policy, advise him on strategy, help write his acceptance speech. Shortly before Franklin D. Roosevelt took office, the two men lunched at Warm Springs, Ga., where Lippmann said: "The situation is critical, Franklin. You may have no alternative but to assume dictatorial powers." As the Depression worsened, Lippmann had lunch on Wall Street with a Morgan partner who urged him to advocate abandoning the gold standard. So Lippmann wrote the column, and a floundering stock market shot up. That very night Roosevelt told his advisers he was going off gold.



Walter Lippmann (1969)

Lippmann helped draft the Lend-Lease Act. He talked World War I Hero John Pershing, then 80, into endorsing Roosevelt's destroyer deal with Britain, helped write Pershing's speech, then in print praised it. Similarly he and his colleague James Reston flattered the vain old Republican isolationist Arthur Vandenberg into supporting the United Nations in 1945, and wrote the turn-around speech that Vandenberg read to the Senate. And, of course, praised it.

Steel sees Lippmann as a man determined to be close to power and never too far in front of public opinion. Lippmann was flattered when President-elect Kennedy came calling to ask advice on picking a Secretary of State (when Kennedy would not accept Adlai Stevenson, it was Lippmann who persuaded Stevenson to take the lesser job of U.N. representative). Lyndon Johnson also gave Lippmann what Steel calls "the famous treatment: telephone calls for advice, birthday gifts, private lunches at the White House, invitations to state dinners," until Lippmann turned against the Viet Nam War and was denounced in a petulant Johnson speech. So much for comradeship with power.

In his mid-70s, Lippmann warned fellow journalists against "their need and their desire to be on good terms with the powerful," who were not only sources of news but dispensers of "many kinds of favor, privilege, honor and self-esteem." Later, embittered by L.B.J., he put it more succinctly: "I would have carved on the portals of the National Press Club, 'Put not your trust in princes.' "

This sound advice, rather than the contrary example of Lippmann's long career, is what the press follows. Nowadays top Washington journalists get White House invitations more as a matter of ego stroking than serious consultations. It is doubtful whether either Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan even faithfully reads the Washington columns. Politicians today hark to the polls, not the pundits; cocooned in their own little circle of strategists, they seem indifferent to outside advice. It is not a world Lippmann could understand or accept.

A Technology to Transform War

U.S., Soviets step up work on Star Wars*–style beam weapons*

Since scientists built the first working models two decades ago, lasers have evolved from laboratory toys into valuable tools used in microsurgery, metallurgy and communications. But while the military employs the devices to aim weapons and track targets, the development of "death rays" capable of zapping targets seemed mostly confined to Hollywood. No longer. Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union are stepping up work on so-called beam weapons. By all accounts, moreover, the Soviets lead in a technology that could revolutionize warfare.

Ordinary light, whether from the sun or a 60-watt bulb, consists of a jumble of electromagnetic waves of different frequencies. But a laser—for light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation—generates a beam whose waves all have the same frequency and are perfectly synchronized so as to reinforce each other. Beams from very powerful lasers can burn through hardened steel.

In most high-power lasers the beams emerge from tubes containing mixtures of gases that have been "pumped" by intense bursts of electricity or flashes of light. If the gas in the tube is a helium-neon mix, the laser produces a red beam; a mercury-bromine mix yields a green streak, and other vapors generate other shades. All beams are made up of bundles of electromagnetic energy called photons. Because the photons barely spread out as they move, the beam can achieve pinpoint accuracy.

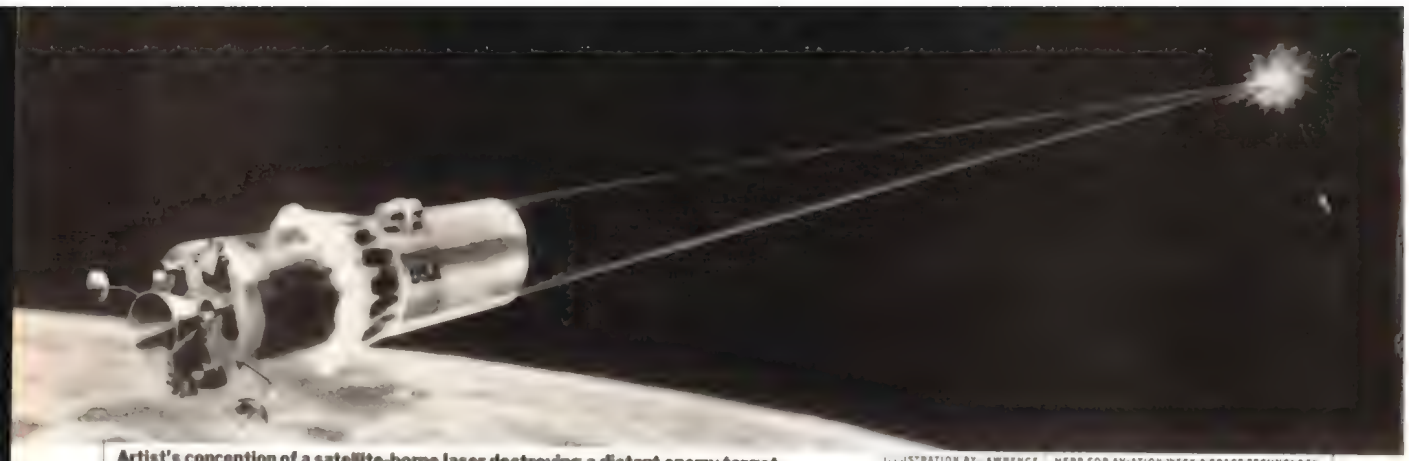
CARL IWASAKI

Light shaft generated by laser

The Soviets are about even with the U.S. in the development of high-energy lasers (HELs) and clearly ahead in an even more lethal offshoot, charged particle beams (CPBs). Instead of photons, which have no mass, CPB devices shoot bursts of relatively weighty subatomic bullets, such as electrons (particles carrying a negative electric charge) or protons (which have a positive charge) that have been accelerated to nearly the speed of light. These bursts do not melt the surface of a target as lasers do, but slice right through it.

Moscow's prowess in beam weapons was confirmed nearly a year ago when U.S. intelligence noticed that the Soviets had begun building a large HEL, or possibly a prototype CPB generator, at Sary-Shagan, a weapons testing area near the Chinese border. The first authoritative press account of Soviet progress in beam weapons was put together by two editors of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, Clarence Robinson Jr. and Philip Klass. They pointed out that at Sary-Shagan the Soviets are apparently using Pavlovski generators, highly advanced devices that convert the energy released by controlled blasts of explosives directly into bursts of electricity. The Soviets probably already have an operational HEL that could "blind" U.S. reconnaissance spacecraft orbiting at an altitude of 240 km (150 miles).

OCEANS APART FROM ORDINARY SCOTCH.



Artist's conception of a satellite-borne laser destroying a distant enemy target

ILLUSTRATION BY LAWRENCE J. HERB FOR AVIATION WEEK & SPACE TECHNOLOGY

American HELs are coming. In about two years the Navy is scheduled to test its Sea Lite laser system: generating more than two megawatts of power, enough to meet the electrical needs of a town of 7,500, Sea Lite is supposed to be capable of knocking out numbers of attacking missiles in quick succession. The laser will be five times more powerful than any built in the U.S. so far. In CPB development, however, the U.S. appears to be five to seven years behind the Soviets.

Lasers are not perfect weapons. Fog and reflective surfaces tend to diffuse or deflect their beam; they cannot cripple a target unless they focus on it for a sizable fraction of a second—a long time in missile warfare. To accomplish this, precision aiming is required. A study conducted at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico shows that an aiming angle correct to less than six one hundred thousandths of one degree must be rapidly achieved if a laser is to hit a missile 5,000 km (3,100 miles) away. Such precision is beyond existing technology for both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Research on particle beam weapons is under way at California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory and at Los Alamos. There, scientists are dealing with a third kind of ray known as a neutral-particle beam. It is made up of particles that carry no electrical charge, such as neutral hydrogen atoms; it would be useful in the vacuum of space, where charged particles like protons and electrons tend to spread out. Development of particle beam weapons is perhaps as much as a decade behind HELs. But if the technology can be ironed out, these could be in military use by the mid-1990s.

Congressional backing of beam-weapons development is growing. Support has come from Defense Secretary Harold Brown too, though he has ordered research on lasers to stress space missions instead of such closer-to-earth uses as defense of ships and missile sites.

The focus on space gives the U.S.'s

beam-weapons effort a *Star Wars* flavor that critics say is too far out for present technology. Still, experts applaud Brown for recognizing the weapons' potential. In theory at least, lasers could destroy enemy missiles with beams that travel at or near the speed of light: in the time it takes an aircraft flying at twice the speed of sound to move slightly more than an eighth of an inch, a laser travels a mile. Whoever gets into space first with operational lasers will obtain strategic superiority there, and perhaps everywhere, literally in a flash. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington*

Weedy Legacy

Germination after generations

In 1879 the famed botanist William Beal, a pioneer in the development of high-yield corn hybrids, began a bizarre experiment. He buried 20 pint-size bottles, each containing 1,000 seeds of 20 weed varieties, near his lab in East Lansing, Mich. His aim, in that age before weedkillers: to find out how long plowed-under seeds could survive, and thus, how long fields needed to be left fallow, to ensure a weed-free crop when replanted

A very long time, it appears. After five years Beal unearthed one of his bottles and, lo, the seeds sprouted. He kept at the experiment, exhuming a bottle every five years, and found each time that samples of all varieties would germinate. In 1920 Beal changed the digging schedule to every ten years. At his death in 1924, at 91, the experiment was inherited by colleagues at Michigan State College (now University), who had been bequeathed a map showing where the remaining bottles were buried. By 1960 only three varieties of seed still grew. A decade later, one hardy weed survived: *Verbascum blattaria* or moth mullein.

Beal in Michigan State College garden

New sprouts from century-old seeds.

The seeds in the bottle unearthed this year were planted, as usual, in soil sterilized by steam. But at first nothing happened. Had the century-old seeds finally expired? No. After several weeks the first seedling emerged; within five months 29 seeds had germinated. Six of the seedlings died. Of the survivors, 21 are moth mullein, one is another type of *Verbascum* and the last a variety of the *Malva* species that had not sprouted since 1899.

Under the direction of Biochemist Robert Bandurski, M.S.U. botanists will try to germinate the remaining 1980 seeds One method they will use is vernalization, in which the transition from winter to spring is re-created by refrigerating the seeds briefly before exposing them again to warmth and light. The seedlings will be nurtured until they produce seeds of their own, in the hope that the progeny will offer clues about the mutating effects of 100 years' exposure to the natural radiation in the soil. Enough bottles remain buried to carry on Beal's experiment until 2040. More time might help; by some accounts, seeds from the tombs of the pharaohs have sprouted thousands of years after they were buried. ■

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What we've done so far isn't the answer for everyone.

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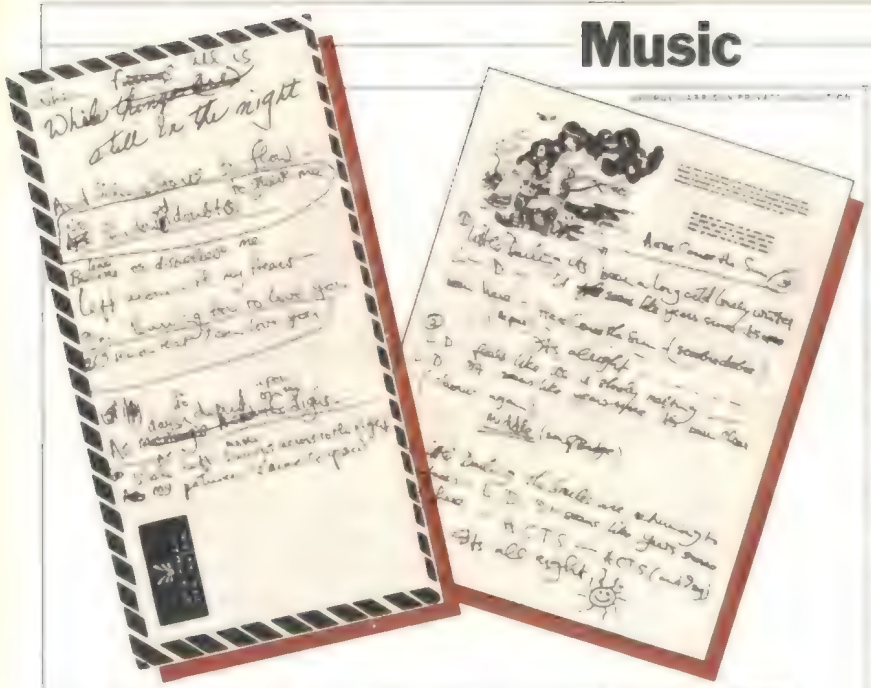


The originals of *Learning How to Love You* and *Here Comes the Sun*: jottings for $355

Rumination and Ruination

Leaves of gas from Harrison and Morrison

Acting against the best counsel of Chuck Berry—"Want me to marry, get a home/ Settle down, write a book/ Too much monkey business!"—publishers have been doing a brisk trade in books about rock. Two recent ones—George Harrison's *I Me Mine* and *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, a fisheyed life of the late Jim Morrison—have only rock in common. The Morrison opus, which has remained high on the trade paperback bestseller list for three months, is a sort of titillation special that reads like the hi-fi equivalent of the similarly successful memoirs of Shelley Winters. The Harrison book, on the other hand, is so baroque that it seems like the whimsical indulgence of a laird with enough money to buy into NATO.

George Harrison

Jerry Hopkins and Daniel Sugerman have a fertile subject in Morrison, a reckless and unreconstructed mythomaniac who made the Doors into a band better known for their own notoriety than their reheated acid rock. Before he bloated his body with booze and fried his brain with various combinations of pharmacological excess, Morrison, the son of a rear admiral, was as stunning as a model. He was also the self-appointed model for the self-destructive rock idol.

The authors drag Morrison along from his military-brat childhood to his frenetic rambling around the Los Angeles music scene of the '60s, where he knew how to hold center stage, even lying on his back. Hopkins and Sugerman relate how Morrison, spread out on the studio floor, prepared for the first Doors recording session by chanting a primal litany of incest and patricide. The authors provide little evidence that Morrison grew much in the five years following this session, not emotionally, certainly not aesthetically. He remained a hip poetaster, a psychedelic pushcart salesman hawking Oedipal nightmares like Good Humors. *No One Here Gets Out Alive* portrays Morrison not as he was but in the image that he built. He died in Paris in 1971 at the age of 27, still playing Rimbaud the way a young actor cannot shake off a role even after he has lost the part.

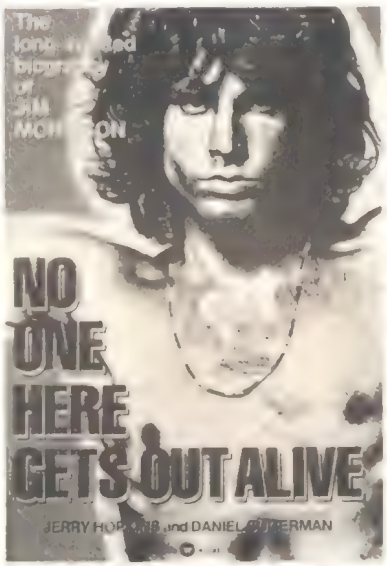
The appeal of Morrison and the Doors is rooted both in a high school home-room taste for excessive behavior (one episode details how Morrison and a mistress frolicked in her blood, extracted with a dull razor and caught in a champagne glass) and in the insatiable adolescent craving for getting the older folks steamed. There is no steam in George Harrison's *I Me Mine*; most of the excess is in the price. Available by subscription, the book is hand-bound in fine leather, its pages gilded like some special presentation edition of the King James. It sells for £148 ($355), a sum that could bankrupt most remaining Beatles fan clubs.

The book, hefty enough to double as a good barbell for beginning weight lifters, is a collection of Harrison's photos, reflections and lyrics. Many of these are printed not only in elegant type but also in their original scribbled state, with inks and stationery letterheads reproduced with the craft and fidelity usually reserved for a Monet. Though he wrote *Here Comes the Sun* and *Something*, Harrison was not the foremost of the Fab Four as everyone —perhaps including George himself —would agree. "The small change of a short lifetime" is the way he describes the contents in a foreword. "I have suffered for this book; now it's your turn."

This larkish, disarming tone remains at odds with the object itself. Harrison reveals that he got the notion of collecting his jottings and memories when "two drunkards cornered me in a hotel room near Heathrow Airport" and pressed on him a copy of Captain William Bligh's *Log of H.M.S. Bounty*, put out by a firm in Surrey called Genesis. This, and a television program on the making of fine books, gave George the idea of "having these trivial bits of paper dignified in this way." Too trivial, some will surely say; and too dignified as well. Only 2,000 copies of *I Me Mine* exist and over half are sold. There will not be a second run. The question of a paperback has not come up.

Meanwhile, from St. Louis, comes word that the singer himself is no longer heeding his song. Disregarding his own cautions, and no man to buck a trend, Chuck Berry is writing a book. An autobiography. What happened to monkey business?

—By Jay Cocks



Cover of the Jim Morrison biography

The role lasted longer than the part.

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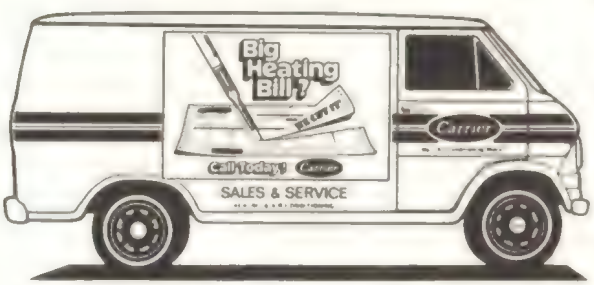

diverter, air filters, burners, blower and motor, thermostat and controls.

When the analysis is over, you'll not only know how to have a sound heating system, but a safe one.

Carrier's Extraordinary Heat Pump. It could save you from 30% to 60% on utility bills when compared to ducted electric heat, depending on where you live and your type of home.

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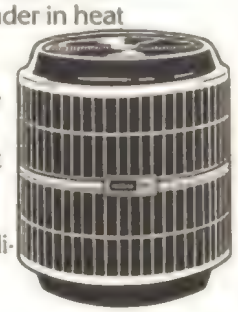

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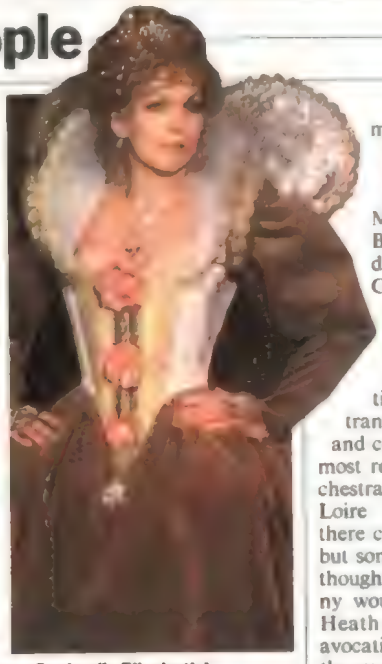
People

Elizabeth Taylor, playing Mary, Queen of Scots, is peremptorily directing her director: "Jason, will you get that creep out of eye line?" "Who, me?" snarls **Kim Novak,** elaborately gowned as Queen Elizabeth I. "Jason," Taylor continues, violet eyes flashing, "would you put the Virgin Queen back in her cage?" A feud on the set between two aging prima donnas? Yes and no. The sniping is all in the script for *The Mirror Crack'd*, a film based on a 1962 mystery novel by the late **Agatha Christie.** The two '50s movie queens portray two '50s movie queens who are cast, to their mutual misery, in the same motion picture. Though not intimate in their real-life heyday —"We knew each other only to wave to," Novak recalls — the actresses go at it as if they had despised each other for centuries. "They both leaped into the bitchy dialogue with joy and glee," says Director **Guy Hamilton,** and, he confides, "it strikes home—lots of 'fat' jokes."



Taylor as Scotland's Mary and Novak as England's Elizabeth I

Heiden after cycle therapy

Beth Heiden's skates may be bronze, but her ten-speed is golden. At least that is the way it looked after the 20-year-old blade and bike speedster finished first in the women's world cycling championships in Sallanches, France. Beth, who placed third in the women's 3,000-meter speed-skating competition at the Lake Placid Winter Olympics, began bicycle racing only three summers ago, along with her quintuple-gold-medalist brother **Eric,** 22, as a way of keeping in condition for skating. Now she enjoys the sport as an end in itself—and as another means to Olympic gold: women's cycling has been added to the 1984 Los Angeles Games. "Cycling is exciting because anything can happen," she says, adding modestly "The best rider doesn't always win."

■

"If they won't follow **Dolly Parton** to Tennessee, they won't follow anyone," declared Governor **Lamar Alexander** as he watched the well-endowed singer kick off a campaign to lure tourists to her home state. According to the plan, 7-ft (nearly life-size) likenesses of Parton's formidable figure will grace the sides of 30 or more 18-wheelers, along with the slogan FOLLOW ME TO TENNESSEE. Parton was on hand at a Nashville truck stop to christen her first rolling billboard. Hefting a bottle of champagne over her head, she took a ladylike swipe at the monster rig and . . . nothing happened. She swung again. No luck. And again. This time the bottle shattered on the asphalt lot. Coolly, Parton borrowed a wineglass and splashed some bubbly on target. The truckers all cheered, and one asked if she had a CB handle. "Not really," chirped the interstate pinup. "What do you think of 'Booby Trap'?"

Swinging Dolly Parton: the form was good but the aim was off

"I started out studying music, but very quickly went downhill and into politics," laments former British Prime Minister **Edward Heath.** But as founding president of the European Community Youth Orchestra, an ensemble of 130 young musicians from the nine European Community nations, Heath periodically transcends his fallen state and conducts a little Mozart, most recently at a Youth Orchestra concert in France's Loire Valley. The audience there cheered the maestro on, but some picky French critics thought that European harmony would be better served if Heath stuck to his other avocation, yachting. Sniffed the reviewer for *France-Soir*: "Last year Mr. Heath escaped from a terrible storm that decimated the Fastnet sailing race. No doubt he can hold the tiller better than the baton, otherwise he would have drowned." —*By Claudia Wallis*

On the Record

Princess Anne of England, asked if she would like to be reincarnated as a princess: "No. I think I would like to come back as a dolphin."

George Balanchine, choreographer: "In my ballets, woman is first. Men are consorts. God made men to sing the praises of women. They are not equal to men; they are better."

Henry Kissinger, former Secretary of State, expatiating upon his fondness for the opera: "People are generally amazed that I would take an interest in any art form that would require me to stop talking for three hours."

Miss Lillian, mother of Jimmy, Billy, Gloria and Ruth: "Sometimes when I look at all my children, I say to myself, 'Lillian, you should have stayed a virgin.' "

Neil ("Moon") Reagan, 71, asked what he would do if his brother Ronald became President: "Get lost."

An idea for the future:

New space-age power plants will save energy.

Fuel cell plants—in your neighborhood. They proved themselves in space, operating so cleanly their by-product was drinking water for the astronauts. Now there's the tough job of getting fuel cells to work for us at down-to-earth costs.

Conservation at the source.

Fuel cells get more out of fossil fuels than conventional combustion methods. They produce energy using an electrochemical reaction. Because nothing burns, fuel cells are virtually pollution free. They can be located very close to consumers, cutting power losses in transmission. Eventually, arrangements which capture and use waste heat could increase a fuel cell's efficiency to over 80%, more than double the efficiency of the best conventional plant today.

While these figures are promising, fuel cells are not yet economically feasible and reliable power plants. Even when they are, fuel cells will only contribute a small percentage of total electricity. But they will help us stretch our fossil fuel supply because they use fuels so efficiently.

Using less electricity.

There was once a time when we urged consumers to use all the electricity they wanted to. But times have changed drastically, and now all of us have to conserve as much energy as we can.

The utilities can conserve by finding ways to generate and transmit electricity more efficiently. Consumers can conserve by using less electricity and using it wisely. But no matter how much we all conserve, it won't keep demand from rising.

Conservation isn't enough.

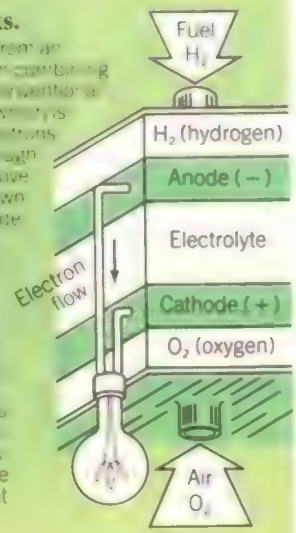
Estimates are that we can save 20% by 1990 with everyone's best conservation effort. However, during the same time period, even with conservation, demand will have grown by over 50%. This figure assumes a slow rate of population and economic growth, but enough to keep employment up and to maintain our standard of living. So while conservation will help, it won't do the whole job of meeting demand.

Another solution is to use renewable resources. The electric industry is involved in intense research on many of these possibilities—geothermal, solar, wind, water, biomass, nuclear fusion, salt ponds, tides, you name it. But it is going to be a long time before any of these results in reliable, large scale electric generation. So what do we do in the meantime?

How the fuel cell works.

Fuel cells derive their energy from an electrochemical reaction of hydrogen combining with oxygen to form water (H_2O). A conventional fuel is converted into hydrogen gas. Air is then split into hydrogen ions and electrons at an anode (−). The ions move through an electrolyte while the electrons move through an external circuit both drawn towards a cathode (+). At the cathode the hydrogen, electrons and oxygen (from the air) combine to form water. The flow of electrons through the external circuit from anode to cathode is electricity.

A fuel cell plant is now being built in New York City by the Consolidated Edison Company and its several partners. This test project is also funded by hundreds of electric companies through their membership in the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), as well as by the government and private industry.



We still need to build coal and nuclear plants now.

While we are conserving and working on new energy sources for the future, we need to build the generating plants we know we can rely on, coal and nuclear. And they must be safe and efficient.

Because it takes from 8 to 14 years to plan, build and license a plant, we need to begin now. Otherwise we may end up without enough electricity before the new technologies are ready to move in.

For more information about the electric industry's conservation and research efforts and the pressing need to build power plants now, write to the Edison Electric Institute, Dept. D, 1111 19th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies

Sputtering into the Fall

New shows are scarce as the actors' strike continues

Will Mork return to Ork? Will Hawkeye Pierce ever be sued for malpractice? Who *did* shoot J.R.? With the actors unions' strike against the three major television networks grinding into its eighth week, viewers may have to wait another month for the answers.

Except for the actors, 85% of whom are "at liberty" in even the best of TV times, few will be hurt by the strike. The networks will not lose money, since advertisers "buy" seasons as well as individual shows, and the fall is a season of high viewership. Nor will the advertisers lose out; if the ratings plunge on reruns they will be compensated by next spring, when original programs are still running.

Both CBS and ABC are brazening out the strike. "We are just running repeats, made-for-TV movies, film features and sports," says an ABC spokesman. Only 20% of its series schedule, including *Monday Night Football*, will be new. CBS has 25%: new episodes of *60 Minutes* and *The Tim Conway Show*, plus theatrical and made-for-TV movies.

Only NBC is in the chips because Fred Silverman, the network's president, long ago put his bet on "reality programming" like *Real People*, *Games People Play* and *Speak Up America*. It may be a dubious TV genre—mixing *60 Minutes* with *The Gong Show*—but it is one unaffected by the strike. With such shows, plus the World Series, *Magazine with David Brinkley*, *Disney's Wonderful World* and new episodes of three old series, NBC can boast that through the end of October, it will air 75% new programming. The capricious god who filched the Olympics from NBC may now have decided to smile on Silverman, who last week was awarded an 18-month extension on his reported $1 million-a-year contract.

Two of the upcoming headliners:

SHŌGUN (*Sept. 15-19*, NBC). As his opening bid in this high-stakes game, Silverman has scheduled the twelve-hour miniseries of James Clavell's novel *Shōgun*. This saga of an Elizabethan seaman's initiation into the ways of feudal Japan has sold over 4 million copies, and soon another 3 million will be on sale. The NBC version cost over $20 million, perhaps the most ever spent for a TV film.

In adapting this swashbuckler, Writer-Producer Eric Bercovici has largely ignored Clavell's panorama of Japanese political intrigue to concentrate on the low-key love story involving the pilot Blackthorne (Richard Chamberlain) and his interpreter, the Lady Todo Mariko (Yoko Shimada). It is just as well. Chamberlain possesses a star quality peculiar to television actors. Dr. Kildare has matured into a placid handsomeness. He is alert, restful, kind. He listens closely and makes love tenderly. Shimada has a grave, delicate beauty that dignifies the languorous pace of her affair with Blackthorne. Theirs is a passive passion, a love rooted in respect and loyalty, a meeting of hearts over bodies, a surrendering to the rhythm of Mariko's culture. As Blackthorne adapts to the Japanese language, so does *Shōgun*—and so must the viewer.

Ikiru toyo-ta na harakiri sashimi rash-o-mon ne kawa saki ima samurai mishi-ma to nippon hai . . . Oh, so sorry, you do not speak Japanese? Then, despite the simplicity of the story, you may have trouble following *Shōgun*. With kamikaze courage, Bercovici and Director Jerry London decided that the natives would speak in their own tongue. Much of the dialogue is in Japanese. Toshiro Mifune, who plays the warlord Toranaga, utters not a word of English, and neither do most of the other Japanese actors. Great dollops of dialogue go untranslated while Blackthorne looks on in rapt befuddlement. The unwary viewer may think he has tuned into a PBS Kurosawa retrospective without subtitles or even without the spectacular battle scenes. Instead of the climactic clashing of swords and samurai, *Shōgun* offers Blackthorne's acceptance of his karma.

The film's own karma may be to remain to American viewers as mysterious as the Japanese: honorable, courteous and, above all, inscrutable.

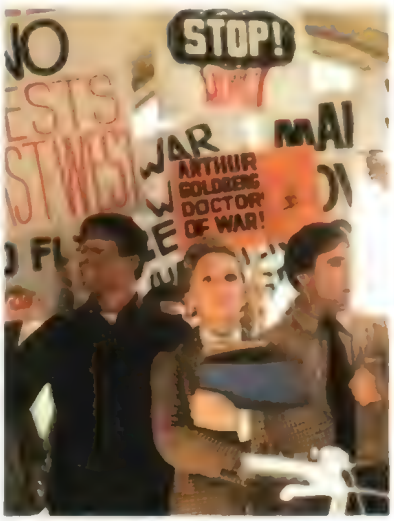
Shimada and Chamberlain in *Shōgun*

A low-key love story in feudal Japan.

THE WOMEN'S ROOM (*Sept. 14*, ABC) Why would millions of American dial-switchers watch twelve hours of *Shōgun* next week? Possibly to erase any memory of the three hours spent in *The Women's Room* the night before. Marilyn French's bestselling novel was a frontal assault on male piggery, narrative nuance and the English language. TV Adapter Carol Sobieski has treated this suburban gothic as if it were the gospel according to Jong. Every conversation is a sermon, every plot twist a warning, every shot an ideogram on the same theme: men stink. They won't make love; they insist on having sex. They don't make enough money; they're too busy making money. They don't care for the children; they win custody of the children. They are not sons of Adam; they are serpents under the feet of every noble woman on earth.

Lee Remick plays Mira, the story's Joan of Archetype—who passes through tract-house bondage in the '50s, through uneasy sexual freedom in the '60s, to some stature as a professor of women's studies in the '70s—with a winsome spunk that falls somewhere between early Irene Dunne and middle-period Bonnie Franklin. Remick is a resourceful actress, but no one can play such a loser, alternately smothered and squelched, for three hours without surrendering to the mannerisms of masochism. Finally Mira finds herself in the arms of the one decent man in America (smokes a pipe). She rhapsodizes: "Ben's lovemaking was the discovery of a new dimension." Would that *The Women's Room* had discovered a second dimension, if only to make the enemy —men—more human, and thus worthier of moral combat. As it is, *The Women's Room* is enough to make the viewer wish the actors' strike had come months sooner.

—By Richard Corliss



Remick in *The Women's Room*

A shrill sermon on the plight of women

Education

Directors Frederick Breitenfeld and Richard Smith at the Maryland Broadcasting Center

Degrees for Video Watchers

Seven U.S. colleges launch a British-style "open university"

Ever since New York City's WNBT ushered in the television era by broadcasting a scheduled variety show in 1946, visionaries have dreamed of a video "college of the air" that would bring higher education to all. Just last November, Philadelphia Publishing Mogul Walter Annenberg (*TV Guide, Seventeen* magazine) offered to donate $150 million to develop a nationwide college curriculum for public television. A coalition of eleven Midwestern schools, including the universities of Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa, has started the University of Mid-America, based in Lincoln, Neb., which offers a handful of college credit courses on public television, and seeks public support for a full-fledged degree program.

But the Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting and the University of Maryland have beaten everyone to the punch: this week they are quietly launching the nation's first national degree-granting TV college, with ten public television systems and seven collaborating colleges across the nation: California State University–Dominguez Hills, Iona College, Linfield College, the universities of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, and Southern Vermont University.

The group is known as the National University Consortium, and so far it has enrolled an experimental group of approximately 200 students, many of them working adults with some previous college credits. N.U.C.'s pilot semester offers only three courses: an introduction to college-level math, the culture, politics and religion of the early Roman Empire, and a survey of systems management. Degrees are offered in humanities, technology and management, behavioral and social sciences. Students with no previous college credits will need a minimum of six years to earn a B.A. or B.S. degree.

N.U.C. students register in one of the consortium's cooperating local colleges. The TV programs are beamed from Maryland to local stations or cable systems serving Los Angeles, Sacramento, Portland, Chattanooga, Indianapolis, New York City, Pullman, Wash., State College, Pa., Moscow, Idaho, as well as Maryland, Oregon and Vermont. TV-viewing students will get credits and degrees from the college nearest them; those enrollees not served by a local college have to register with the extension division of the University of Maryland.

Each college sets its own fees, and they are fairly steep. New York students will pay Iona $92 per credit hour (or $828 for the nine-credit course on the Roman Empire), as against $30 at the University of Tennessee. Local colleges also assign each student to tutors who grade student essays and exams.

Most consortium courses use TV tapes and textbooks prepared in England for the U.K.'s respected and successful Open University, an off-campus program that has enrolled some 200,000 students since it began a decade ago. A joint undertaking with the British Broadcasting Corporation, the Open University has inspired counterparts in 16 countries, including West Germany, Costa Rica, Spain and Sri Lanka.

As in Britain, American N.U.C. courses rely more on assigned reading than on their half-hour TV programs, which are designed to maintain a high level of interest among stay-at-home students. Chatty, first-person handbooks, specially written for the course by such noted teachers as Oxford Historian J.P.V.D. Balsdon and Archaeologist Peter Salway, a regional director of the Open University, guide students in their reading of original source material. On page 44 of one handbook, for instance, Balsdon notes briskly, "I cannot imagine your having the time" to read all 77 pages on the Emperor Augustus, but he adds: "One document, however, you must read, the *Res Gestae* of Augustus." The teaching texts frequently direct students to consult particular portions of their main source books, or to jot down answers to questions. Maryland University and Broadcasting Center officials, who jointly direct the nonprofit N.U.C., say that many adults prefer such guided study at home to night-school classes. Observes Frederick Breitenfeld Jr., executive director of the Broadcasting Center: "N.U.C. courses look better and better compared with three nights a week of rushing through dinner, getting a babysitter, finding a campus parking place, and dozing off in class."

Some proponents see vast possibilities for the program. Says the Broadcasting Center's director of development, Richard Smith: "If several hundred students enroll now through seven colleges and succeed, it would be logical for 100 colleges to be enrolling some thousands of students by 1990." ■

Psychic Ph.D.

Dr. Spoonbender, I presume?

In a colorful 341-page book, *Roots of Consciousness*, Author Jeffrey Mishlove comes across as a true believer in the mysterious mental powers of parapsychology —mental telepathy, clairvoyance and psychokinesis. As Mishlove would have it, things like bending spoons through the pure power of the mind "are rooted in the essential core of our cosmic existence." Now it seems they will be rooted also in the groves of academe. Mishlove, 34, a former radio personality who spent seven years doing research in Berkeley's individual disciplinary doctorate program, has been awarded a Ph.D. in parapsychology by the University of California at Berkeley. It is believed to be the first doctorate in parapsychology ever granted by an accredited university in the U.S. The degree has also stirred considerable campus controversy, which Mishlove describes as "irrational resistance." Berkeley Statistics Expert Robert Pisani has faulted Mishlove's skill in experimental reasoning. Mishlove's supporters argue that his thesis deals adequately with the history and philosophy of parapsychology, but even they agree that his mastery of experimental research techniques was questionable. Even so, the university's academic senate approved the degree by formal vote. ■

Sisters and Strangers

THE MIDDLE GROUND *by Margaret Drabble; Knopf; 277 pages; $10.95*

Margaret Drabble: writing like an Edwardian who has tasted the apple of modernism

Author Margaret Drabble, age 41, has already displayed one of the most interesting galleries of heroines in contemporary letters. Over the course of 17 years and eight novels, the Drabble woman has moved from the consuming intensities of young marriage and small children toward the objective uncertainties of middle age. She has taken jobs and established careers; an early feminist, she has been buoyed by the support of her sisters and occasionally troubled by their anger and bitterness. She would still like to live with a man, although divorce and failed affairs have left her wondering why.

Drabble the writer has changed over the years as well. The sensitive, intelligent young novelist has steadily moved beyond the shell of her characters' egos toward the world of public issues and crises. An admirer of Arnold Bennett, she now writes like an Edwardian who has tasted the apple of modernism.

This combination works splendidly in *The Middle Ground*. Kate Armstrong, the novel's heroine, is both the logical culmination of Drabble's female characters and good fun to be around on her own. In her early 40s, Kate has acquired three teen-age children, an ex-husband, an ex-lover, and a thriving career writing about women's issues for London newspapers and glossy magazines. She has also undergone a necessary but heartbreaking abortion. The realization of how much she wanted another child, even if seriously crippled, has badly shaken both her and many of her opinions. "Freedom is very bad for people," she tells Hugo, a platonic male friend, and adds: "I must have been mad to try to pretend that the sexes were much the same." Kate begins to subject her life and career to severe scrutiny, with downbeat results: "She found herself trapped in stale repetition, and depressed by the fact that as everyone else got more interested in Women she became less and less so. The feeling of deep boredom which overcame her when she opened a woman's novel frightened her."

Excerpt

"Headlines, she had lived too long with headlines. Too much half-baked secondhand sociology, too many questionable statistics . . . How gloriously indifferent she had been of these things when she had started out, so many years ago, how innocently certain of her own views. Where had it gone, that innocence? How had she managed to acquire the deadly notion that everything she did or thought had to be *exemplary*, had to *mean something* . . . ? WOMAN APPOINTED AMBASSADOR. WOMAN FLIES TO MOON. WOMAN KILLED IN BANK RAID. WOMAN OF FORTY-SIX HAS TWINS. Well, no wonder, of course, one couldn't be all those women at once, nor was there any possible way of being all the things that women might be, in one lifetime."

It takes real courage for anyone, even a character in a book, to say such things these days: what Kate calls "the cries of hate from the sexual battleground" still ring out from both sides of the front. But Drabble has not gone over to the enemy. Kate's story is hardly one of sexual recidivism; she remains admirably independent throughout her crisis. Near the end, she concludes: "Men and women can never be close. They can hardly speak to one another in the same language. But are compelled, forever, to try, and therefore even in defeat there is no peace." Kate's problem transcends sex: "What on earth should one do next?" To her credit, Kate finds no single slogan or ideology a sufficient guide through that complex maze.

Her search for some answer takes her back to the scrubby suburb of her childhood and to the girls' school that expected so little of her and her classmates. Preparing a TV documentary on new opportunities for women, Kate ponders both the stunted lives of the old girlfriends who stayed behind and the possibility that the freedom from early pressure made her own success easier for her. As this muddle deepens, Drabble's vision expands to include a London equally confused. England is a tight little island no longer. Wealthy Arabs are buying up the best; graffiti from the less fortunate blossom everywhere. Kate's friend Evelyn sits in a traffic jam and thinks: "One might go quite mad, one's eyes thus assaulted all day long." This same woman, a social worker, is later injured during a domestic quarrel between a half-demented Englishwoman and her Jamaican lover. As further evidence of the infringement of the outside world, Kate has an Iraqi revolutionary, the friend of a friend, temporarily lodging in her house: "He is like an extra conscience and a pedagogue rolled into one. She tries to excuse herself, to explain that her own paper's foreign news has nothing to do with her, but he makes her, nevertheless, feel deeply guilty. For she is, after all, as he rightly suspects, trivial, ill-informed, and biased."

Little is finally resolved in *The Middle Ground*. As its title suggests, the novel's ultimate subject is stasis. Drabble writes: "The middle years, caught between children and parents, free of neither: the past stretches back too densely, it is too thickly populated, the future has not yet thinned out." Kate, whose high spirits have survived the worst of her depression, decides at last that "it is time for the next thing, whatever it may be." It would be nice to know what Kate is going to do, but it is better to realize that she will probably reappear in a new incarnation, with new answers and questions. Margaret Drabble has become one of those few authors whose books both satisfy in themselves and arouse anticipation for future installments. —*By Paul Gray*

Free Spirit

MADAME BLAVATSKY, THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MYTH
by Marion Meade
Putnam; 528 pages; $19.95

She claimed, falsely, to have been wounded while fighting in Garibaldi's army, to have crossed the Rocky Mountains in a covered wagon and to have learned ancient mysteries in a Tibetan lamasery. She knew how to charm snakes and people, roll cigarettes, and swear fluently in several languages. She learned horsemanship from Kalmuck tribesmen and was a superb rough-and-tumble rider. The granddaughter of a Russian princess, she cared nothing for Victorian morality, but insisted, after two marriages, several lovers and the birth of an illegitimate child, that she was still a virgin.

Between what is almost certainly true about Madame H.P. (for Helena Petrovna) Blavatsky and what is almost certainly false, there is a perilous region of mists and myths. The dominant truth about H.P.B. was that she founded and was chief illusionist for the Theosophical Society, a spiritualist sect that influenced the poetry of William Butler Yeats and the thinking of Jawaharlal Nehru, and helped to revive the consciousness of India.

On the more important question of Madame Blavatsky's occult powers, Biographer Meade takes a view that will seem evenhanded to most readers who are not Theosophists (the society persists throughout the world, including New York City, where it was founded; London, where Blavatsky had her wildest success; and Advar, a suburb of Madras where she set up her headquarters). The Victorian age had a great hankering for table rapping, poltergeists, spirit writing and spooks of all sorts. H.P.B. was a fairly good parlor conjurer (she learned some of her tricks from a Coptic magician in Cairo), and she was quite unashamed about the use of confederates and apparatus. She specialized, rather charmingly, in the invisible mending of broken crockery and in small gifts and chatty letters from a society of superhuman Masters who dwelt in Tibet. She was a gifted hypnotist of herself and others. When pressed, and if the lights were dim, she could produce spectral figures.

Her motive was not fraud of the financial kind; she supported herself and sometimes the Theosophical Society by prodigious feats of freelance journalism, mostly for Russian newspapers. She did have a powerful need for self-dramatization, however, and a real belief in the spirit-infested cosmology she described in two long, marvelously jumbled works of Oriental philosophy, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. Her Tibetan Masters dictated these volumes to her; she seems to have been convinced, although their Sanskrit quotations tended to be shaky. If a bit of spiritualist theater in a darkened room helped to shore up the convictions of her fellow Theosophists, where was the harm? It was charlatanism in the highest cause of all, she felt, and thus when one of her stunts went wrong, or when a disgruntled confederate published letters from her, giving detailed instructions for illusions, H.P.B. was unembarrassed.

Madame Blavatsky
A perilous region of mists and myths.

Author Meade believes that even if Blavatsky herself was flawed, she did have a vision—though it may have been ornamented by the hashish she smoked and the Oriental lore she claimed to have received from mysterious sources. She was living in India among Indians and praising their culture and religious ideas at a time when English mem-sahibs liked to boast of never having touched the hand of a native.

As Meade describes Blavatsky, she was a gallant figure, cheerfully aware of skidding toward disaster, always ready with a bizarre scheme to rescue herself and her bemused followers. Toward the end, in the 1880s, matters seemed hopeless. She was living in exile in Germany, fat, sick, impoverished, deserted by the faithful and under attack for fakery by the Society for Psychical Research. The reader feels like cheering when she turns up a few months later in London, outrageous as ever, leaking cosmological eyewash with every wheeze, as the head of a large and adoring band of occultists. There, in 1891, having made a convert of the formidable feminist orator Annie Besant, who was to carry the Theosophists into the 20th century, she died in something like triumph.

—By John Skow

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Hot Moppet

FIRESTARTER
by Stephen King
Viking; 428 pages; $13.95

Stephen King, 32, is the hottest author of supernatural-occult novels around. *Firestarter*, thematically at least, is his highest Fahrenheit reading to date. King, who wrote *Carrie*, *The Shining*, *Salem's Lot* and *The Dead Zone* among other best-sellers, centers his plot this time on a little girl with the psychic power to set objects, people, even buildings and landscapes afire.

King dubs this inflammatory forte "pyrokinesis," a combination of the Greek words meaning fire and movement. Blond, pigtailed, eight-year-old Charlie McGee is so hyperpyrokinetic (she can project 30,000°) that she is judged capable of melting whole cities and "eventually creating a nuclear explosion simply by the force of her will."

Charlie's napalm-to-nuclear capability is the result of a Government-sponsored experiment in which her mother and father, both college students at the time, had volunteered to be injected with a powerful new hypnotic-hallucinogenic drug that is euphemistically known as Lot Six and is called di-lysergic triune acid, obviously a by-blow of LSD. Vicky, the mother, develops telekinetic ability, manipulating objects without physical contact. Andy McGee comes off the couch with the power to dominate and direct —"push," in King's word—other people's minds. The drug has changed both parents' chromosomal structure; it is this mutation, not convincingly explained by King, that has produced Charlie's pyrokinesis.

Stephen King

One great big Zippo lighter.

"The Shop," a Government agency behind the experiments, sorely wants to eliminate Vicky and Andy, the only survivors with extrasensory powers (nine other drug volunteers have died, committed suicide or gone mad). Most of all, the agency wants to capture pretty Charlie, who could be of greater strategic value than the neutron bomb. After torturing and killing Vicky, the Shop kidnaps Charlie, who is rescued by her father's "push." Thereafter, and for most of the book, Andy and Charlie flee through the Northeast, pursued by a brutal bunch of Shopworkers who anticipate the fugitives' every move. While Andy's psychic powers fade, Charlie's grow ever more explosive—and repulsive to her. Inevitably, many of their would-be captors get flash-fried by Charlie, whom her father calls "one great big Zippo lighter." They are imprisoned for six excruciating months while the agency tries to plumb their powers. Equally inevitably, there is ultimately a vast and glorious incineration at the Shop.

Despite the pseudoscientific hokum, a vital ingredient to *roman à la* King, *Firestarter*—a bestseller weeks before its official publication date—is the most realistic, even credible novel he has written. Andy McGee and Charlie come across as tender and courageous victims; even some of the stooges, notably a half Cherokee named John Rainbird, show complexity and charm. Though he is not an elegant writer—he is addicted to such objurgations as "You blind, obsessive fools"—Maine-based Stephen King is a superb plotter with a fine eye for terrain and, indeed, pyrotechnical detail. Firestarter Charlie McGee, with all her destructive powers, is one of the most touching waifs in current popular fiction.

—*By Michael Demarest*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Firestarter, *King (1 last week)*
2. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (2)*
3. Music for Chameleons, *Capote (7)*
4. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (4)*
5. Random Winds, *Plain (3)*
6. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (6)*
7. The Ninja, *Lustbader (8)*
8. The Origin, *Stone*
9. The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (5)*
10. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre*

NONFICTION

1. Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
2. Shelley, *Winters (2)*
3. Nothing Down, *Allen (4)*
4. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (6)*
5. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (8)*
6. Elvis: The Final Years, *Hopkins*
7. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (9)*
8. Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet, *Claiborne with Franey (10)*
9. The Psychology of Romantic Love, *Branden*
10. Men in Love, *Friday*

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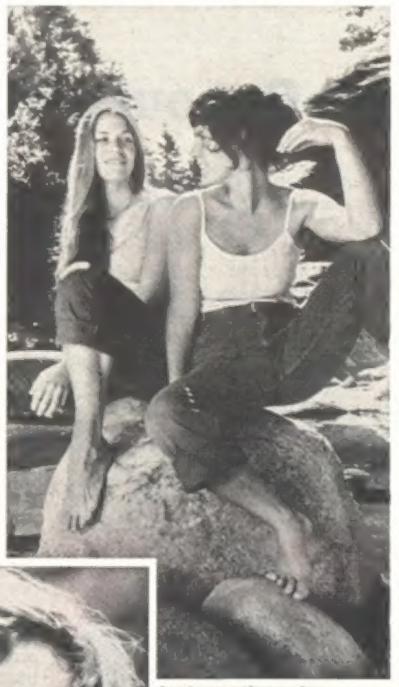
Nostalgia at 30

RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS SEVEN
Directed and Written by John Sayles

These are strong, homely, New England faces, sculpted by generations of farmers and teachers, Italian laborers and Irish domestics. They share a collective biography, and a geography that rolls over the Green Mountains and into Harvard Square. Their bodies are solid, their minds restless. They are the children, not only of Kennedy and Galbraith, but of William Sloane Coffin and Abbie Hoffman —of the activist '60s, when getting busted at a teach-in was a required course. Those were the great days, when seven of them piled into a friend's car heading south for an antiwar demonstration and got detained by some suspicious police in Secaucus, N.J. They never got to Washington, but they had a lot of fun calling themselves the "Secaucus Seven." Now, ten years later, they commune again for a weekend of charades and basketball and nostalgia, some skinny-dipping, lovemaking and soul searching. They're turning 30, jogging toward the compromises of early middle age—Updikescent—and out of the corner of their minds they wonder how much fun *that* will be.



At the tenth reunion

Film Maker John Sayles
Dialogue circles and enriches itself.

Welcome to John Sayles' going-away party for the angry idealism of the Nixon years. Not much "happens" in *Secaucus*. Some songs are sung, a few partners change, and the whole gang is falsely arrested for murdering a deer—or, as one of them describes the charge, "Bambicide." Sayles has appropriated the discursive, episodic format of many recent films (and the spirit of that charming, intelligent Swiss comedy *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000*), but he constructs individual scenes with the deftness of a Billy Wilder. His dialogue often circles back on, and enriches, itself. He creates more than a dozen complex, contradictory characters through their speech rhythms, the way they walk and sit and prepare food, and the diminishing space between the heads of two people trying to decide whether to spend the night with each other. The characters are like the film: funny, rueful, modest, utterly engaging—alive.

Sayles is himself not yet 30. At 25 he won the O. Henry Award for his short story *I-80 Nebraska M.490-M.205*. Three years later his novel *Union Dues* (whose theme of cultural cross-pollination surfaces again in *Secaucus*) was nominated for a National Book Award. He has written three films for Roger Corman's bargain-basement New World Pictures: *Piranha, The Lady in Red* and the current *Battle Beyond the Stars*. The profits from his stories and his Corman scripts helped cover the budget for *Secaucus:* a preposterously low $60,000. He wrote, produced, directed and edited the film and plays —with wit and an edge of anger—a featured role. Sayles has a remarkable talent. Just as important, he has shown the ambition and initiative to bring something fresh to a movie industry on the ropes.

A colorful résumé is no guarantor of a good film maker; a $60,000 budget doesn't automatically confer nobility on a movie project; too many expert novelists have lost their way on Hollywood Boulevard. But Sayles has proved that his gift as a "legit" writer—that sharp, compassionate eye for behavioral detail and human comedy—can transfer to the screen without condescension or loss of nuance. "Film is a delicate medium," says one of Sayles' short-story characters (ironically, of course). Now Sayles has the chance to bring his imagination to the medium and make it rare. It is a joy to watch that skill reveal itself in *Return of the Secaucus Seven;* it is even more exciting to anticipate the Sayles to come. —*By Richard Corliss*

Fidgets at 40

MIDDLE AGE CRAZY
Directed by John Trent
Screenplay by Carl Kleinschmitt

Is there anything more tedious than someone else's mid-life crisis? The answer, sadly, is yes. It is a movie about that familiar anguish made without a trace of humor, intelligence, originality or perspective. To put the matter more simply, *Middle Age Crazy* more than lives up to its blunt and witless title.

It seems almost pointless to describe the plot. Anyone who has not been lost in a galaxy far, far away for the past decade or so could describe it sight unseen. Bobby Lee Burnett (Bruce Dern) prospers building taco stands. His wife (Ann-Margret) is driving him slightly bananas, but she is pleasant enough beneath her Southern accent and her kittenish sexual ways. Burnett has his 40th birthday and, having received his Betamax, wonders if that is all life has to offer. Next thing he knows he has bought a Porsche, had an affair with a Dallas Cowgirl and told off his best client. Along the way he entertains various fantasies of telling off not just the client but the whole damn world. That's about it. Director Trent has no sense of style; Writer Kleinschmitt pencils in obscenities for his characters to spout instead of lines that the actors might savor delivering. Neither Dern nor Ann-Margret is ever able to get into character. They try gamely, but they remain sociological abstractions pasted into a tasteless, materialistic milieu that has been overexplored by novelists and moviemakers.

If there is any lesson to be learned from ventures of this sort, it is that middle-class, middle-brow people should not try to show their superiority to other middle-class, middle-brow people by attempting to satirize them. In the process they only prove the truth of Pogo's immortal cry: "We have met the enemy and he is us." —*By Richard Schickel*

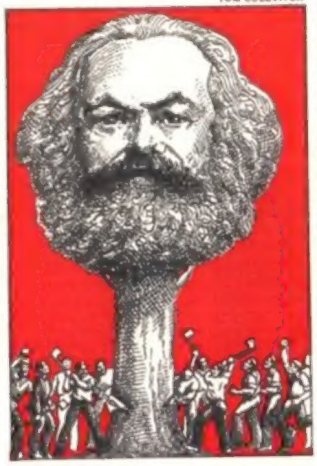
Ann-Margret and Bruce Dern
Obscenities are penciled in.

What Workers Get out of Communism

As the stolidly relentless vehicle of Marxism lumbers through history toward the light, its honored cargo has always been a rather dense abstraction called "the proletariat." But Karl Marx never lavished much bourgeois sentimentality on the proletariat in person, on real workers as individuals. In their private correspondence, Marx and Engels even referred to them as "stupid asses."

In Poland this summer, the real workers have taken a little revenge on Marx and Communism's vulgar pretensions to inevitability, on the regressive hoodoo of the All-Daddy state. They have knocked a hole in the wall, climbed outside their totalistic system and marched angrily around it demanding things. That is very embarrassing. It is also, communistically speaking, impossible. It is a little like the old Second City comedy routine in which Ahab thunderously demands, "Hast seen the white whale?" and the other ship's captain calls back, "Yeah. We killed him yesterday." What happens now to the metaphysical plot, to the primordial story? Communism, after all, loses ideological face if the workers, the stars of Marx's historical drama, step so radically out of their assigned role and indict the system that is their supposed salvation. The Polish workers have given the *Communist Manifesto's* "Workers of the world, unite!" a dimension of irony that the Politburo over in Moscow is incapable of savoring. Communism is supposed to be the solution; the Poles say it is part of the problem.

TOM LULEVITCH



For years, only those encumbered by ignorance or a wistfully doctrinaire need to believe have invested either hope or credibility in the Workers' Paradise as it has taken shape in the world. Many, it is true, are still attracted by the ideals of Marxism—by its promise of egalitarianism and social justice. The appeal is especially forceful in the Third World, where capitalism is usually implicated emotionally with colonialism and where some form of socialism seems the surest road to justice. But on the whole, those farthest away from the thwarting and soul-wrecking little details of the Workers' State are the ones most inclined to be eloquently sentimental about it, or at least to make excuses for it. Almost every university faculty in the West has members who call themselves Marxists; in contrast to a couple of decades ago, it is now generally safe and chic to wear the label like a blue work shirt under a tweed jacket. Many defend their faith by arguing that, as Chesterton said of Christianity, real Marxism has not failed because it has never been tried.

Communism promises everything to the proletariat. The great theoretical Marxist engine, after all, repairs the dread alienation of "heartless" capitalism by restoring the means of production to the workers. Well, as the Polish émigré writer Leszek Kolakowski, an apostate Marxist, has said, that "has been the greatest fantasy of our century." Observes TIME Correspondent David Aikman, who has covered Eastern Europe extensively: "It is exceedingly hard to find anyone there, and especially in Poland, who believes the official mythology that states run by Communist parties are actually operated for the benefit of the workers. Party officials will sometimes try to keep a straight face when explaining why workers are so much better off in socialist societies, but they do not really believe it themselves. After a sympathetic wink or a good-natured 'Come on, now,' they will let you understand that they are simply passing on the obligatory line." The solemn Communist theology about workers controlling the means of production is contemptuously dismissed for what it is: a rationale for political dictatorship.

No one can say he was not warned. Lenin wrote in 1920: "The scientific concept of the dictatorship [of the proletariat] means nothing other than unlimited government unrestrained by any laws or any absolute rules and supporting itself directly by force." Marx said that after a Communist revolution, the state would wither away. Wrong; it has grown and overgrown, with a bureaucratic luxuriance.

The operating procedures of Marxist states usually follow a depressing logic. Marxism, with its incomparably oafish legerdemain, softens up the sanity by explaining that failure is success, and otherwise fulfilling George Orwell's expectations. The revolutionary "vanguard" clearing the way for the dictatorship of the proletariat develops into a "New Class" of privileged party officials and bureaucrats. The system runs by what the Soviets call *blat*—influence, clout, corruption. A new minority rule sets in. If it is not the dark, satanic will of Stalin, it has little to do with workers' wishes either. Although members of the ruling elite may have come originally from proletarian families, that connection becomes more remote as the entrenchment proceeds. Amid scarcities of everything (meat, soap, housing, humor, intelligence), the new class buys its provisions with discreet complacency at its own quietly exclusive stores. The mass of workers stand in their interminable lines or else buy on the flourishing black market. Liberties and other items of bourgeois individualism get crushed under the great rattling treads of History, clanking ineluctably toward the Red dawn; on closer inspection the path begins to look merely like the drearily familiar tracks of dictatorship, regressing toward the darkness. For a system dedicated to creating millennial happiness for the workers, Communism has a great deal of proletarian inconvenience and misery to answer for. The Communist states have been too long straddling a dangerous moral fault line; they may be due in the 1980s for seismic upheavals.

Faced with the people's restlessness and the discrepancy between a dogmatic Marxian approach to economics and the evident reality, some Communist states have become surprisingly experimental—heretical even. In some of their demands, the workers of Gdansk were asking only for what their comrades in Hungary gained years ago. Yugoslavia practices a renegade Communism that allows for certain capitalist trappings. Even Mao's successors in China have tacitly acknowledged their failures to solve the problems of the proletariat.

Any retreat from the old dogmatism is welcome, any hint of improvisation. "Gray is all theory," wrote Goethe, "but green is the golden tree of life." That, weirdly enough, was one of Lenin's favorite quotations. The striking Polish workers seem a little farther than he from theory and a little closer to the green tree. In one sense they are behaving in a purely Marxian fashion: proletarians rising up against the oppressors who control the means of production. They have very far to go. The strikers now seem oddly like 19th century workers in Western Europe and the U.S. in the first stages of unionism. But perhaps there is hope. As Marx himself wrote in 1875, "The emancipation of Poland is one of the conditions for the emancipation of the working class of all Europe."

—By Lance Morrow

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Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
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